Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 220.—Vol. XVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 19, 1908 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

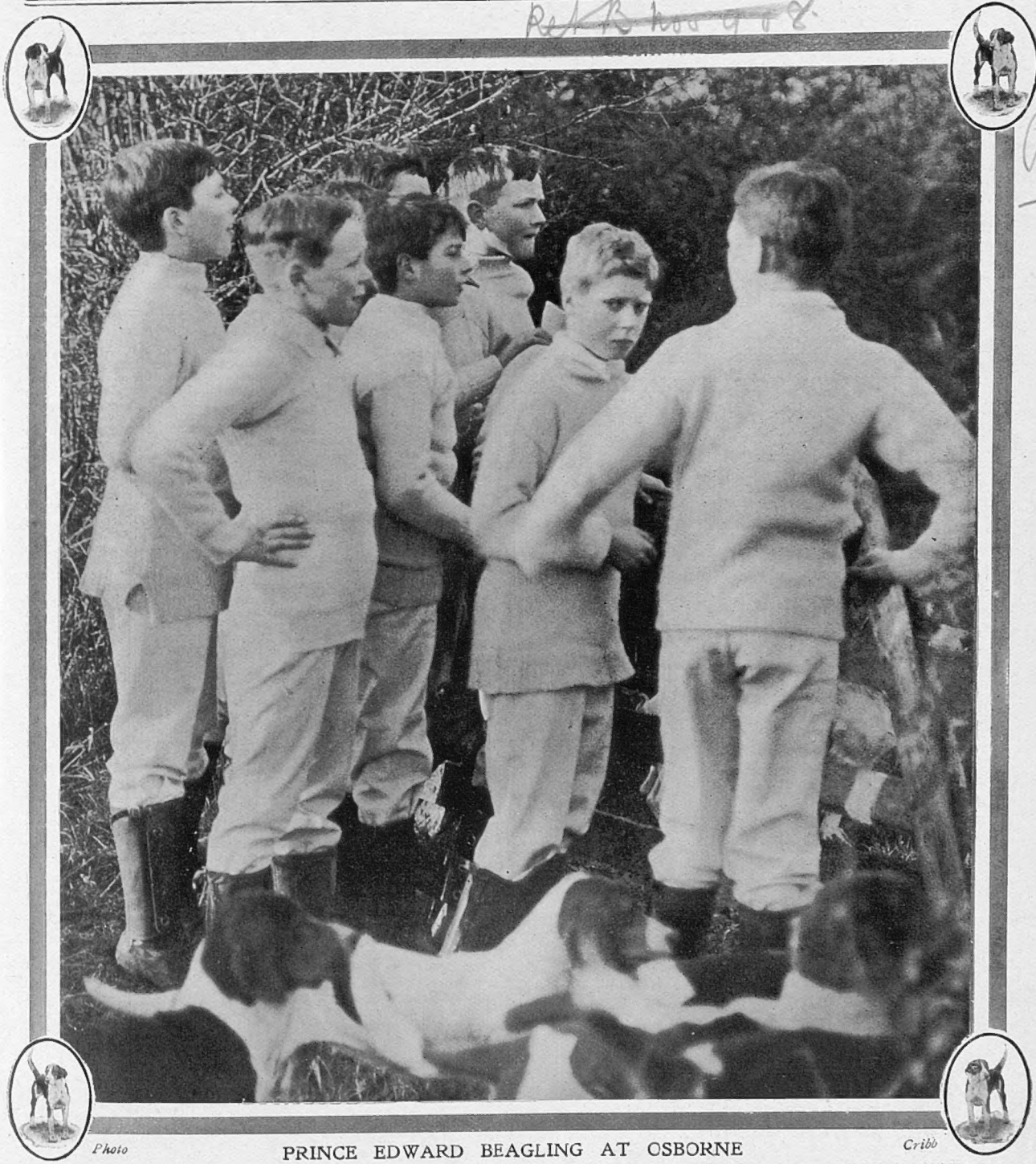


Photo PRINCE EDWARD BEAGLING AT OSBORNE *Cribb*

As our readers will be pleased to observe, the youthful Heir-Presumptive has inherited from his father and grandfather a love of outdoor sport, and is one of the keenest followers of the Osborne College Beagles. It will be noticed that the Prince, who is facing the camera, shows an increasing likeness to his mother, the Princess of Wales

No. 220.—Vol. XVII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, February 19, 1908

	PAGE
Frontispiece	365
Bystander Comments	367
The World's Pageant	370
Personalia—Sportive and Political ...	376
Waterloo Cup Week: Some Famous Coursers	377
Some New Catholic Converts	379
A Marvel of Modern Egypt	380
Fisher v. Beresford: The Naval Feud ...	382
Continental Chat	384
The Playhouses	387
Our Worldly Short Stories: No. 117.—"The Picture of the Year." By Fred M. White	392
By Field, Stream, and Covert	401
The Library	404
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	406
Automobile Topics	410
The Garden	414
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	416
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE. THE BELLE OF THE BALL.
TOPSY SINDEN, FRED FARREN, etc.
MORRIS CRONIN, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Golden Horseshoe." By Robert Aitken. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Harvest of Deceit." By Clive Pemberton. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Auction Bridge." By Van Pennell. (Langham: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"A Little Revolution." (Longmans: 6*s.*)
"Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society." (January, 1908: Constable.)
"Going Through the Mill." By Mrs. Gerald Paget. (Langham: 2*s.* net.)
"Paraguay on Shannon." By F. Hugh O'Donnell. (King: 6*s.*)
"Tinman." By Tom Gallon. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"Radford Shone." By Headon Hill. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"The Brotherhood of Wisdom." By Frances J. Armour. (Langham: 6*s.*)
"The British Bird Life." By W. Percival Westall. (Fisher Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Albert Peel." By T. Mackay. (Murray: 18*s.* net.)
"The Reflections of a Householder." By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Brown, Langham: 1*s.* net.)
"Benedictine." By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Brown, Langham: 1*s.* net.)
"Women of All Nations." Part I. Edited by T. A. Joyce and N. W. Thomas. (Cassell: 7*d.*)
"The World's Awakening." By Navarchus. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"A Poppy Show." By H. B. M. Watson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Young Columbine." By Dorothea Deakin. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"A Godless Socialism." By Frank G. Jannaway. (Scott's Publishing Co.: 3*d.*)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers.

£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Offices Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000** will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and including Tuesday, the 18th day of February, 1908, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 26th day of February, 1908.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to our Publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps, for registration, to

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited,
36-44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. (for 52 weeks) and for 14s. 1d. (for 26 weeks) you receive THE BYSTANDER *post free and are insured as above.*

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday February 19, 1908

Liberals who oppose an increase of Naval Estimates have been named "the Ostrich Group," because they think that by covering their eyes they will be out of danger. And now "the Gulls" has been suggested as a name for the rival party, which keeps flapping and screaming about ships.

* * *

Whether the Estimates come out right or not, the Admiralty is to be congratulated on introducing trained cooks into the Navy in place of the random seamen formerly employed. Properly cooked food is now so universally approved of by scientists that there can be no real harm in trying it upon sailors.

* * *

Of course there is one risk in connection with this innovation. Should any of our ships be captured by an enemy in war time, the foreign prize-crew is far less likely now to be poisoned than it would have been in the old days. But, after all, it is rather on our gunnery than our cookery that we should rely for the destruction of the enemy.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Dare is to appear as Juliet in a London revival of *Romeo and Juliet*. This can only be regarded as another triumph for that well-known playwright, W. Shakespeare.

* * *

Suffragettes will do well to consider the very retrograde policy of the London County Council. Ottoman Turks are in the habit of compelling their women to go about veiled, but the L.C.C. has gone even farther. They have started a special tram-car for women from Tooting every morning.

* * *

Why Tooting should have been selected for this experiment it is hard to say. Representatives of other suburbs maintain that they have never noticed anything so very peculiar about Tooting ladies.

* * *

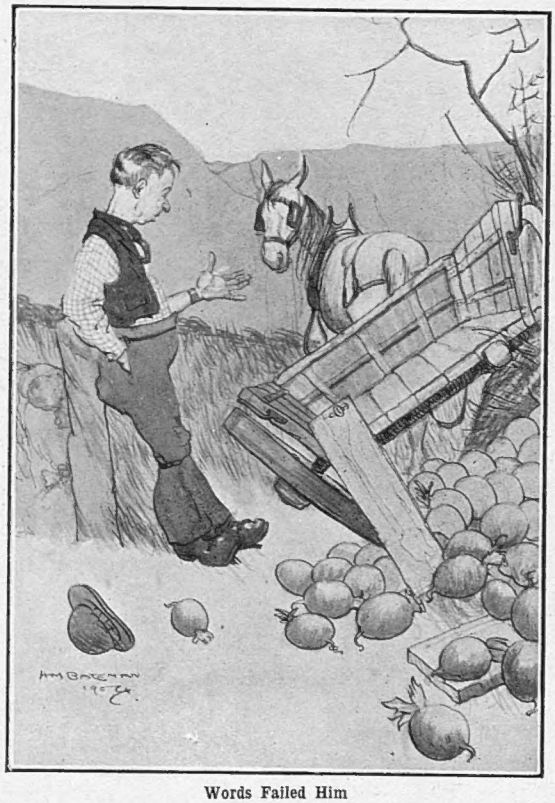
Our football representatives will have to look to their laurels, as very great strides are being made with this game in Belgium. At a match played a few days ago between Bruges and Antwerp, the Antwerp team were so badly stoned by the crowd that they could, with difficulty—says the *Telegraph*—reach the station. Bruges won, the leather no doubt being skilfully negotiated between the uprights while the Antwerpers were scrumming in considerable agony for the shelter of their return train. *Vive le Sock-rugger!*

* * *

Few things better prove the method and foresight of the Germans than the fact that they are now engaged in constructing a gun which will be capable of destroying aeroplanes. The gun is naturally a secret at present, so far as its firing capacity is concerned, but experts are of opinion that it will have to be light and portable, so as to get easily at the sheds in which the aeroplanes are kept. Given that, nothing practically can save the "flier" inside.

* * *

Later on, when the aeroplanes themselves have solved the problem of mounting into the air, the gun also will have a pair of wings clapped on to it so as to be able to go in pursuit. It will be a pretty sight—with the Prussian gunner in a nice bright uniform and spectacles—mounted behind on the Krupper. But we are anticipating, less intelligently, we expect, than our Teuton friends.



Words Failed Him

BILL (*the acknowledged champion "cusser" of the county*): "D—D—D—D—D—Dear me!"

BY H. M. BATEMAN

Only the fear of being misinterpreted prevented the Protestant Alliance from signifying its disapproval of the King's attendance at Requiem by holding a Mass meeting.

* * *

A *Globe* placard:

OUR NEW WAR
MARCH BEGUN

We are glad our contemporary has turned composer. We look forward to hearing the piece.

* * *

Despite the staggering blow of the postponement of the London Pageant till next year, we—we bear up.

RACING NOTIONS

STEEPLECHASING ITEMS. BY CARBINE.

The Surprise at Hurst Park

A word of sympathy seems to be due to that keen young sportsman, Captain Paynter. He gave a big price for Mount Prospect's Fortune—£3,500 it is said—and the horse has been a disappointment since the day he changed hands. He failed badly at Sandown Park recently, yet that defeat was excused on the grounds that his owner, admittedly inexperienced in steeplechase riding, couldn't fully extend him. But at Hurst Park last week he failed again, this time in the hands of a professional jockey. It was amazing to see Mount Prospect's Fortune (an awkward name!), who had been hailed a few months ago as one of the greatest jumpers of the period, fail to be a mere "plater" like The Longmynd. Those who had laid the odds on the favourite, believing that they had a gilt-edged investment with interest at 33 per cent., were staggered by this unlooked-for catastrophe. It was one of the most sensational results of the winter season, and makes the chance of Mount Prospect's Fortune of winning the Grand Military Gold Cup much less hopeful than it seemed to be when Captain Paynter bought him.

Military Gold Cup Prospects

Mention of the Grand Military Gold Cup, the chief race of the year for officers of the Army and Navy, reminds me of the sad fact that Sir Cuthbert Slade died last week. One of the neatest and best riders who ever took part in the Service races, how pleased poor "Bertie" Slade was when he won the Gold Cup on Æsop, the property of his old "pal," Captain Michael Hughes. He will be widely regretted. This year the Gold Cup is to be run on March 6, and the fact that Mount Prospect's Fortune seems to be off colour makes it quite an open affair. There is one horse in the race who would settle all the others pretty easily if he were fit and well. I refer to Leinster, a very brilliant jumper who has only once been beaten in a steeplechase. Unluckily, he has been cursed by leg troubles of late years, and has been quite a long time "on the shelf," but Sir Charles Nugent hopes to get him sound again, and if he is seen at Sandown I expect he will be favourite. The King has entered Flaxman for the Gold Cup, but I have no faith in this disappointing horse. Rather would I have Mr. R. C. de Crespigny's Pat Cullinan or Mr. McGillycuddy's Irish Wisdom. But a definite "tip" may be given later for this interesting affair.

Saturday's Racing

Prince Hatzfeldt, who has won one Grand National with Ascetic's Silver, and hopes to win another, owns a smart hurdle-racer in Venetian. Several times when "expected" this horse had failed, but there was no mistake about the style in which he cantered away with the Novices' Hurdle Race on Saturday. He simply romped home, and will win other good races before the end of the season unless I am much mistaken. The weather was positively miserable at Hurst Park on the second day, but backers did tolerably well, and followers of "Tich" Mason, who is in his best form this season, saw him on a couple of good winners in Sweet Cecil and D'Orsay.

Form of Grand National Horses

Several prominent Grand National candidates were seen out last week, among them Roman Law, who nominally has been favourite for the big steeplechase. He was reckoned to have a soft thing at Manchester, but performed execrably, and was badly beaten. Either the course didn't suit him, or he is a bit of an imposter. Certainly his record has been one of continual disappointments, yet Coulthwaite is said to be very sweet on his National prospects, and we know his opinion is not to be despised. At the same meeting we also saw Coulthwaite's other National horse, Seisdon Prince, but he just failed to beat Extravagance. Tom West ran at Leicester, and was beaten; but he jumped well, and is undoubtedly one of the most genuine horses in the National. Mattie Macgregor also ran at Leicester, a very nice stamp of mare this, and a certain runner at Aintree, despite the statements to the contrary which have been made. The smartest performance at Leicester was put up by Holy War, in whom Mr. Peter Gilpin seems to have a young 'chaser of the highest class.

Selections

Cackler is entered for a race at Windsor this week, but I have the best authority for saying that this fine jumper will not be seen out again before the Champion Steeplechase at Liverpool. On Wednesday **The Alant** may win the Bracknell Hurdle Handicap, and **Snuff** may take the Royal Steeplechase on the following day. At Lingfield **Extravagance** is my selection for the Groombridge Steeplechase.

The War Office's Latest Locomotive

In last week's issue we published photographs of the new locomotive with which the War Office is experimenting. We understand that this engine has been the property of the War Office since August last, when it passed its trials in a satisfactory manner at the works of Messrs. Hornsby and Son, Grantham. The engine is the invention of Mr. David Roberts, the managing director of Messrs. Hornsby and Son, Limited, of Grantham and Stockport, the well-known engineers and manufacturers of oil and gas suction engines, and it is properly described as the "Hornsby Chain-Track Tractor. The power is developed by a 80 h.-p. internal combustion oil engine, which permits it to travel long distances on a small amount of fuel. The invention has been patented by the makers in this and other countries.

Smiles of Recognition: Ladies on the Paddock rails

Cambridge University Steeplechases

SPECTATORS AND PARTICIPATORS AT COTTENHAM

A Merry Party: The Arrival of the 'Varsity Drag

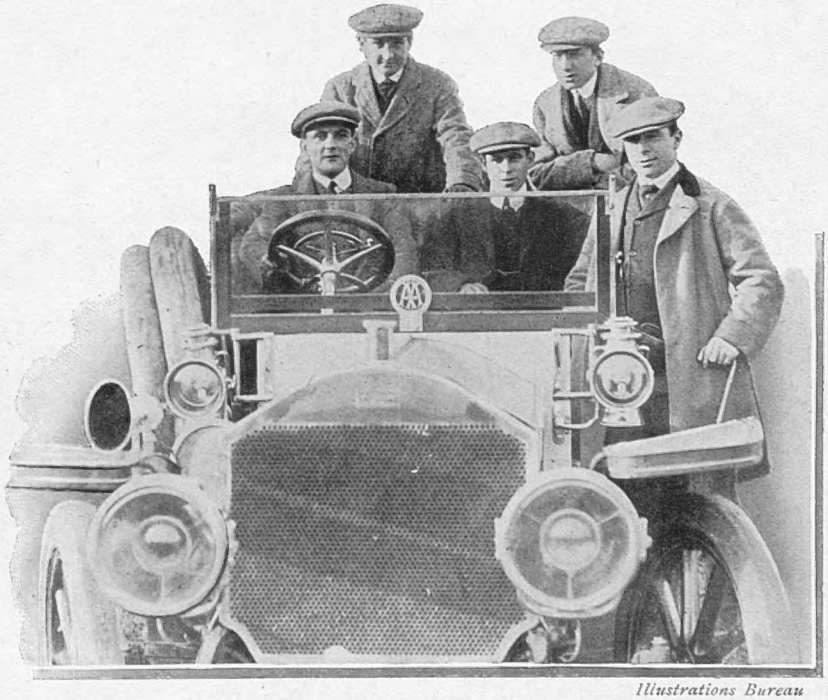
Mr. J. F. Montague

Winner of the University Challenge Whip, with Sunbeam VI., of which he is owner

Photos

The Hon. A. de Rothschild (on the left), in the Paddock

Mr. de Rothschild rode the favourite, Ruby, which was beaten by Sunbeam VI. in the 'Varsity Challenge Whip Race



Illustrations Bureau

Expert Criticism: Newmarket Jockeys Watch the Course of Events in a Motor

Left to right: K. Cannon (who has now given up riding and is a trainer), W. Halsey, L. H. Hewett, W. Griggs, O. Madden

A large attendance, excellent weather, and good racing marked the Cambridge University Steeplechase Meeting held at Cottenham last week. The Hunters' Challenge Cup, for horses ridden by undergraduates, was won by Mr. A. Summer on his Trotaway, while the 'Varsity Challenge Whip went to Mr. J. F. Montague

His Mother-in-Law

SCENE—PALACE YARD: FEBRUARY 11

POLICE CONSTABLE X RECOGNISES A FAMILIAR FACE AMONG THE DEMONSTRATORS, AND DOES HIS "DOOTY" WITH UNUSUAL GUSTO

BY DUDLEY BUXTON

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

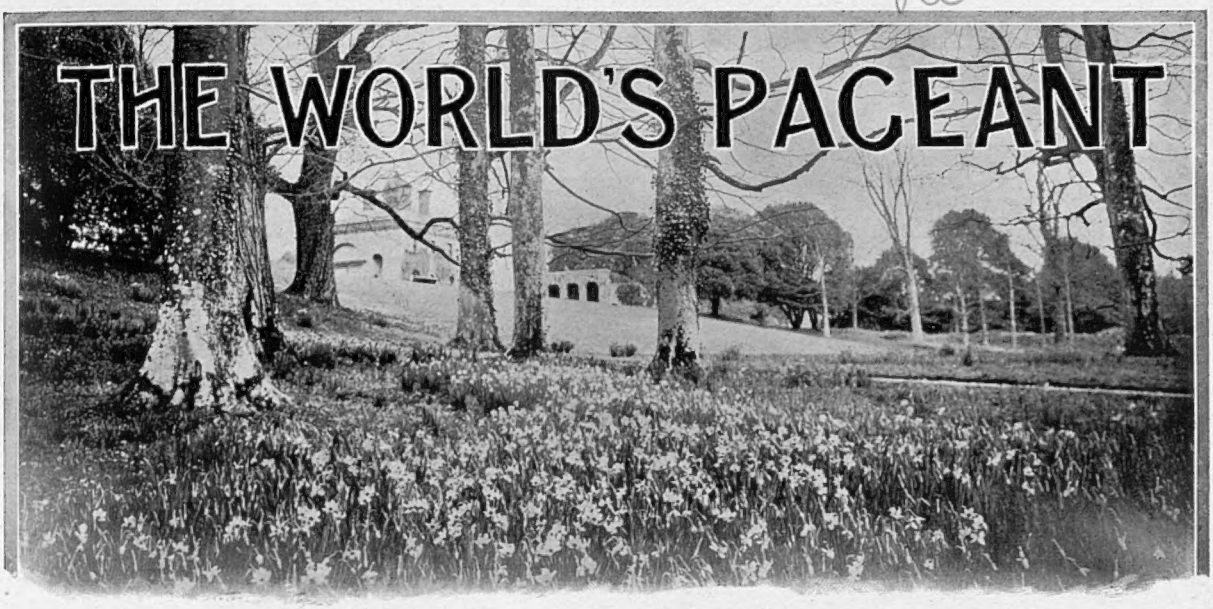


Photo *Miss Best*

The Court

To-morrow, at Buckingham Palace, the King and Queen hold the diplomatic and official Court, originally fixed for the 6th, but postponed owing to the tragic events in Portugal. There is to be a second Court on Friday of next week, and to-day the King holds a Levée at St. James's Palace, at which the Ambassadors, *chefs de mission*, Ministers, and ex-Ministers will attend. The State apartments at St. James's Palace have been redecorated and furnished, and it is probable that in future there will be a reversion to Victorian custom, Court ceremonies other than Levées being held there. The announcement of the Lord Chamberlain to the effect that ladies who had already provided themselves with coloured dresses need not wear half-mourning at the Courts came as a relief to the ladies concerned, though something of a shock to their sisters of Suburbia, to whom the limitless extravagance of what they call the "Smart Set" is a cardinal point of belief.

* * *

The King at Brighton

The King has had "King's weather" most of the time at Brighton, and enjoyed his stay in quiet informal fashion, in spite of the local Socialists, who set themselves to follow the example of the Manchester unemployed in the way of impertinent demonstrations. The combination of Brighton and Socialism seems a particularly preposterous one—Brighton, the creation of a king and the week-end resort of all the London world, not to mention the half-world. The note of the visit was set by the King's choice of a residence—the home of the quiet, retiring Fife family, at the unfashionable end of the town. And, further, to secure his Majesty privacy, some inspired municipal mind conceived the idea of freshly painting each day the seats opposite the house in Chichester Terrace, so that the use of these points of vantage was barred to all but the very rich or those with unlimited credit at their tailor's.

* * *

The Rival Parliaments

While politicians prattle at St. Stephen's, the women of the rival Parliament of Caxton Hall have been up

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Fitzgerald, daughter of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry

Whose engagement to Lord Richard Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's second son, has just been announced

Has Winston Adopted Preference?

and doing. Their sittings may be limited to three days and their speeches to five minutes, but they crowd into their brief hour of glorious life more energy and excitement than the ordinary male M.P. can rake up in the course of a whole solemn Session. The pantechnicon attack was a great idea. Here were real tactics, founded, even if unconsciously, on the classical model of the wooden horse of Troy. There was an ingenuity to be admired in such a move, without the puerility attending such other recent devices as knocking and ringing—like a naughty little schoolboy — at a Cabinet Minister's door, or chaining oneself up to the area railings. Of course, we know that the movement needs advertising, and that it has progressed immensely since the policy of noise and obstruction was started, but is it really necessary to play it quite so low down?

* * *

Altering the Clock

Nothing could be simpler than the proposal for "altering the clock," which, after much discussion, has been put in the form of a Bill—and promptly shelved. I positively weep to think of the lovely summer afternoons of golf, lawn tennis, or punting at Maidenhead that I have lost by this nipping in the bud of an easy yet miracle-working scheme. By putting all our clocks and watches forward twenty minutes on four consecutive Sundays at the beginning of summer, we should secure, in all, eighty minutes' more daylight to ourselves than before, and that, too, just at the time when it is most valuable. Enter autumn, and we put the hands back again in the same gradual manner. The clock is himself again, nothing has been deranged or disturbed, and we have gained some priceless moments to add to the brief intervals in which we really live.

* * *

"Give Us Our Eighty Minutes"

An ideal idea, surely. Who could be so foolish or so stony-hearted as to oppose it? Yet there is opposition, and obviously it is a measure which needs absolute unanimity to be successful. It would be truly awkward, for instance, for the man in the Government Office, having toiled from ten to four (8.40 to 2.40, old time) to be fixed, as he left work joyfully with a bag of clubs over his shoulder, by the stony stare of a chief who had not yet read of the passing of the new Act only a year or so previously. There would be great possibilities for prevarication by ladies in regard to lateness for appointments, and it would probably be found that in the ensuing discussion upon the relative validity of the two systems the original issue would become entirely obscured. But these are trifling specks upon the simple splendour of the scheme. "Give us our eighty minutes" may yet become the battle-cry of a campaign that will send Suffragists and pure-milkers to swell the ranks of the unemployed.

* * *

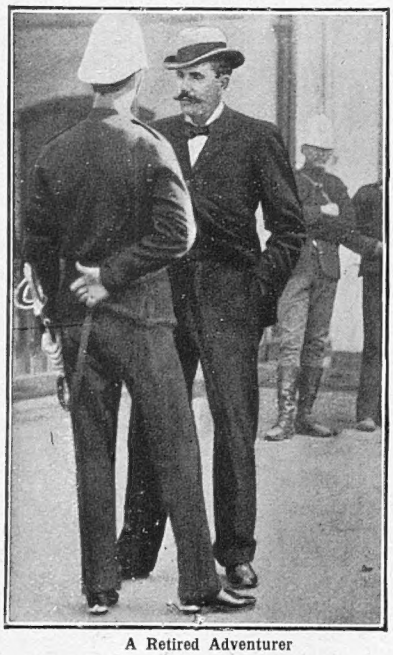
Young Oxford

Brilliant Oxford athlete and prospective Parliamentary candidate, Raphael of St. John's, has, by taking his call at the Bar, brought himself a step nearer to a like success with that of his youthful seniors—Smith of Wadham, and Hemmerde of University, who have just become entitled to put K.C. as well as M.P. after their names. Mr. J. E. Raphael, who is a cricket and Rugger Blue, and has captained the Surrey eleven, has already a cousin in the House he hopes to enter, in the person of Mr. Herbert Raphael, the Liberal M.P. for South Derbyshire. It was Mr. H. Raphael whose significant exit from the House during Mr. Asquith's exposition of a scheme for the taxation of dead millionaires caused so much amusement in the Commons last Session. Two members of the great banking family of R. Raphael and Sons, have, it may be noted, died within the last decade, leaving well over a million each.

(From the Toronto "Globe")

"Winston Churchill and His Wife"

Our Canadian contemporary, from which the above photograph and title are reproduced, without kind permission, is evidently better informed as to the private affairs of the Colonial Under-Secretary than are we in the old country. We did not know he had established any such preferential relations as are here indicated.



A Retired Adventurer

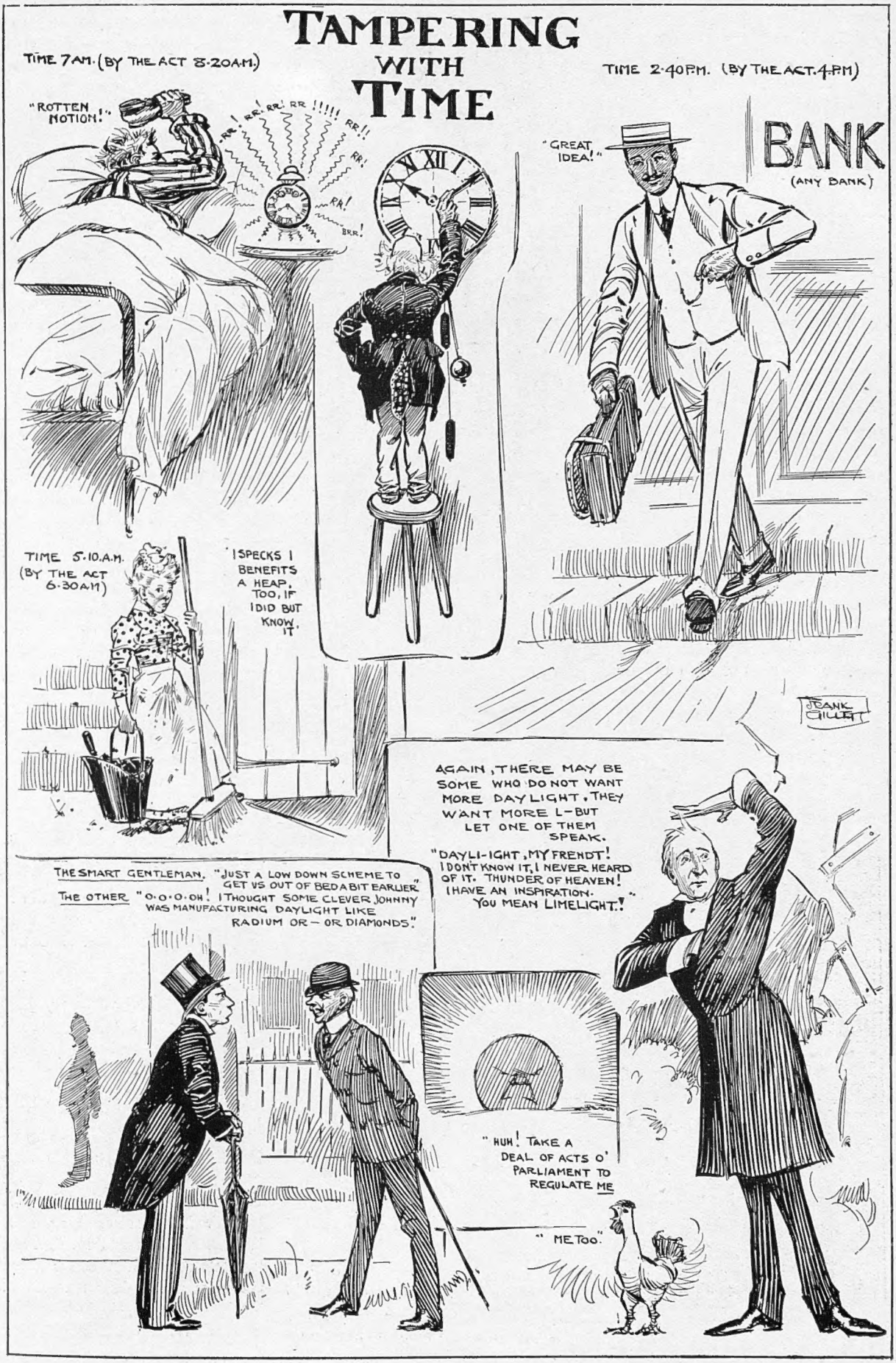
Franz von Veltheim, who has gone to penal servitude for twenty years for blackmailing Mr. Sol Joel

(Photographed in the prison courtyard, Johannesburg, during his trial for the murder of Mr. Woolf Joel)

The Duke of Devonshire's Illness

His Grace, accompanied by the Duchess, in Egypt. They are proceeding aboard a steamer for a trip down the Nile. Since the photograph was taken, news has come that the Duke is seriously indisposed

TAMPERING WITH TIME



BY FRANK GILLETT

A Very Smart Wedding

Von Veltheim

So Society has, for twenty years, to do without von Veltheim. This is as well, no doubt, though there are others at large with whom we should be even more willing to dispense if the police would only let us—half a dozen murderers of defenceless women, for instance, to say nothing of a hundred or so robbers and blackmailers of poorer persons than Mr. Sol Joel. Society might, even, like to be preserved for a while from such persons as the thief of the Dublin Crown Jewels, the Ascot Cup, and other trinkets which, with their possessors, are still missing.

* * *

A More Suitable Punishment

Ethically, no doubt, von Veltheim's career of crime amply merits this term of punishment. His career was throughout that of a sordid and most unscrupulous adventurer. As, however, the length of time was fixed not so much to punish as to "protect Society" from him, the mind somewhat revolts at his subjection to such penal servitude as is given to purely British criminals. Von Veltheim committed crimes on a broad, cosmopolitan scale. It is a pity the punishment could not fit them. I should like to see him atone on at least the same scale of variety as he sinned. He should, in fact, be allowed a constant change of chains in a succession of home and Colonial gaols; he should clink Imperially—this illimitable Veltheim! Portland and Dartmoor are fitting enough places for those who have offended the laws of their own little land, but not for men who have horrified the two hemispheres like von Veltheim.

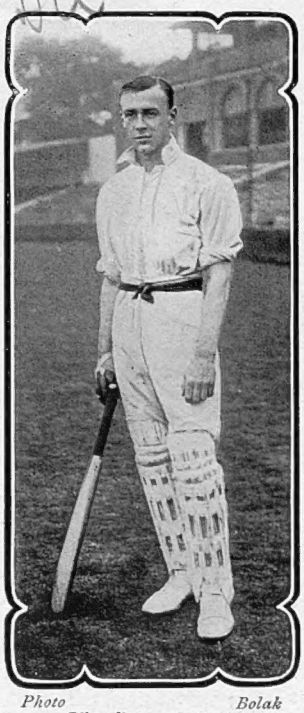


Photo *Bolak*

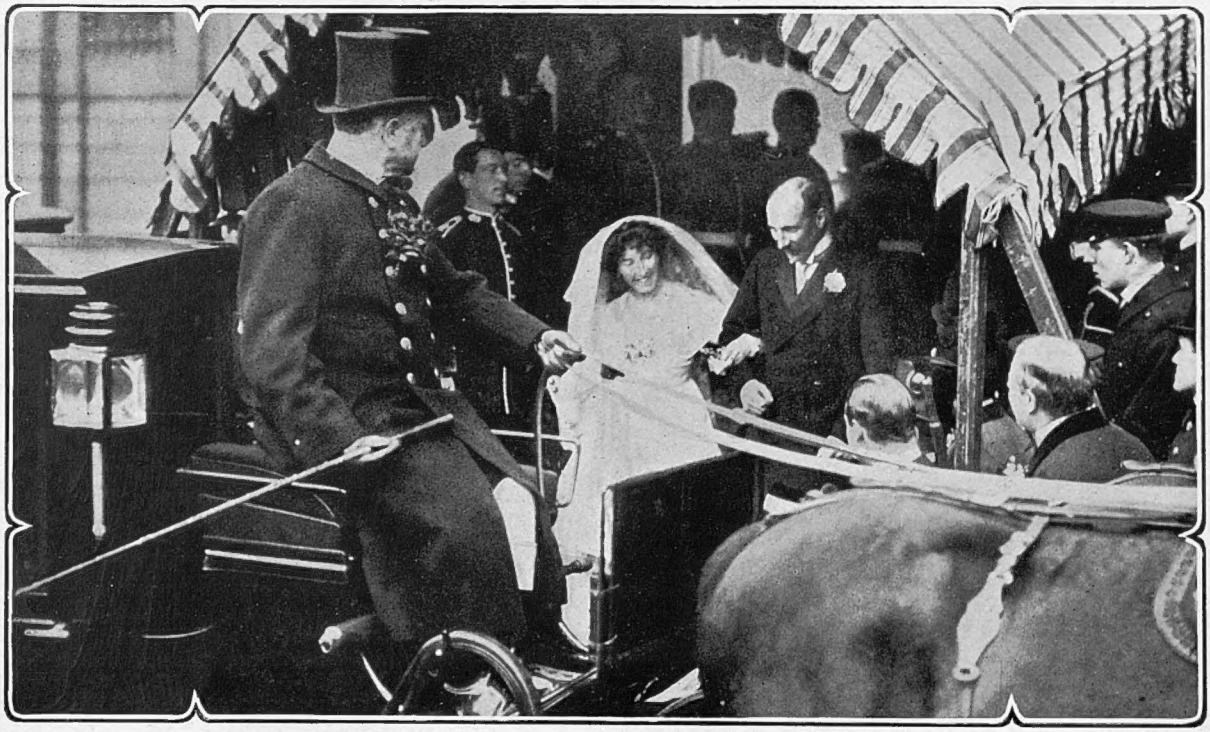
Liberalism and Sport

Mr. J. E. Raphael, Liberal Candidate for Croydon. He is a Rugby International, ex-captain of the Surrey Cricket Club, and a former double Blue of Oxford. He has lately been called to the Bar

* * *

A Literary Free Trader

Temporarily saved, by the pawkiness of C.-B., from their peril on the Armament question, the Government is still in sore need of every scrap of support it can whip up. Among the thick-and-thin backers upon whom they can count in their, for the nonce, Imperialist policy, is Sir Edward Tennant, one of the most prominent of the "Colonial" group which has just passed a strong vote of confidence in the more responsible leaders and of censure on the "Little Navy-ers." Sir Edward Tennant, by the way, in addition to his proprietorship of the *Academy*, is one of the proposed new board of the *Times*, with which he was already prominently connected. It is a little curious, perhaps, to find so strong a Free Trader, the son, too, of one of the staunchest of Liberals, rowing in that galley. By marriage, however, he has been brought into close contact with the opposite camp, for his wife, *née* Pamela Wyndham, is a sister of Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., and a daughter of Mr. Percy Wyndham, from the very first a strong supporter of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in his



FASHIONABLE WEDDING AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL

Major Lord Ardee (Grenadiers) and Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin leaving the chapel, Wellington Barracks, after the ceremony, which was, spectacularly speaking, the smartest of the season, and immensely impressive. The bride is the daughter of Lord Dunraven, and the bridegroom the son and heir of Lord Meath

Mrs. Patrick De Bathe

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Wife of Mr. Patrick De Bathe, brother of the present baronet, Sir Hugo (Mrs. Langtry's husband). She is the daughter of the late Mr. Nicholas Wood (M.P. for Houghton-le-Spring). Her little boy, Christopher, is three years old

Personalia—Sportive and Political

Captain the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Coventry

Captain Coventry is a prominent sportsman and Imperial Yeoman (Worcestershire). His share in the Jameson Raid will be remembered. He is now occupied as a trainer for the Turf

Tariff Reform campaign. But neither Sir Edward nor his wife can be called political people in the fullest sense of the word. They have the simple country tastes so often characteristic of the very rich. They dislike London life, even in Grosvenor Square, and prefer to pass their time gardening, riding, and fishing in their beautiful Peebleshire home.

* * *

Ladies and the Waterloo Cup

In the North Country, to-day is Dog Derby Day. Though Lady Sefton, who is at present bagging big lions in Central Africa, is again the only actual lady Waterloo Cup nominator, there are yet quite a number of her sex who, if not so actively represented, are, anyway, personally interested in the great coursing meeting of this week at Altcar. Prominent among them is Miss Ruth Fawcett, niece of the owner of the Saughall Kennel, from which no fewer than five Waterloo Cup winners were sent in eight years. In the quiet Wiltshire village of Ashton Keynes, Miss Fawcett has bred and trained several winners of good stakes. Fay o' Fire, a greyhound belonging to Mr. T. Butt-Miller, the Master of the Vale of the White Horse Foxhounds, is expected to fill a nomination, and this dog, a first season hound, far the best of his small kennel, was a present from Mr. G. Foyle Fawcett to Mr. Butt-Miller. Another keen lady supporter of open-country coursing meetings is Miss Maud May, from whose kennels on the Yorkshire Wolds many a valuable prizewinner has emerged. In the South, the Sussex County Meeting at Littlehampton, which took place a week or so ago, is the favoured meeting-place of lady coursing enthusiasts, among whom members of the Ladies' Kennel Association such as Mrs. Carlo Clarke and Mrs. Chapman are naturally prominent.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A Prominent "L. Imp."

Sir Edward Tennant, M.P., a firm supporter in the House of Liberal Imperialism. He is, however, a staunch Free Trader, and has been mentioned in connection with a non-Pearsonian purchase of the *Times*

* * *

An Aristocratic Trainer

In common with his brother Viscount Deerhurst, Capt. Charles Coventry, Lord Coventry's second son, has turned to good business account the lighter experiences of his youth. Viscount Deerhurst utilised knowledge picked up in Australia, where he was not only A.D.C. to Sir Harry Loch, but also did practical gold-mining during the great Croydon boom, to go on the Stock Exchange. Capt. Coventry, having been born and bred among experts of the stable, now trains racehorses, principally steeplechasers, as a profession. Products of his stables have already won several of the most important 'chases in the country, and, like most men of his *métier*, Capt. Coventry's natural ambition is to win the National. Both he and his wife, who is an American, are devoted to sport in all its branches, and are regular followers of the Croome Hounds, of which the Earl of Coventry was formerly Master. Capt. Charles Coventry, by the way, was, I believe for one brief hour of glorious life, the youngest huntsman on record. When quite little boys he and Lord Deerhurst, home for the holidays, one day found time hanging a bit heavy on their hands. The idea of taking the Croome foxhounds out for a hunt on their own account came as a brilliant inspiration, and was promptly carried through. Lord Deerhurst assumed the position of huntsman, and Capt. Coventry and

Waterloo Cup Week: Some Famous Coursers

Lady Sefton
As keenly interested in coursing as her husband is

Mr. R. A. Brice
He has once again been appointed to judge the Waterloo Cup

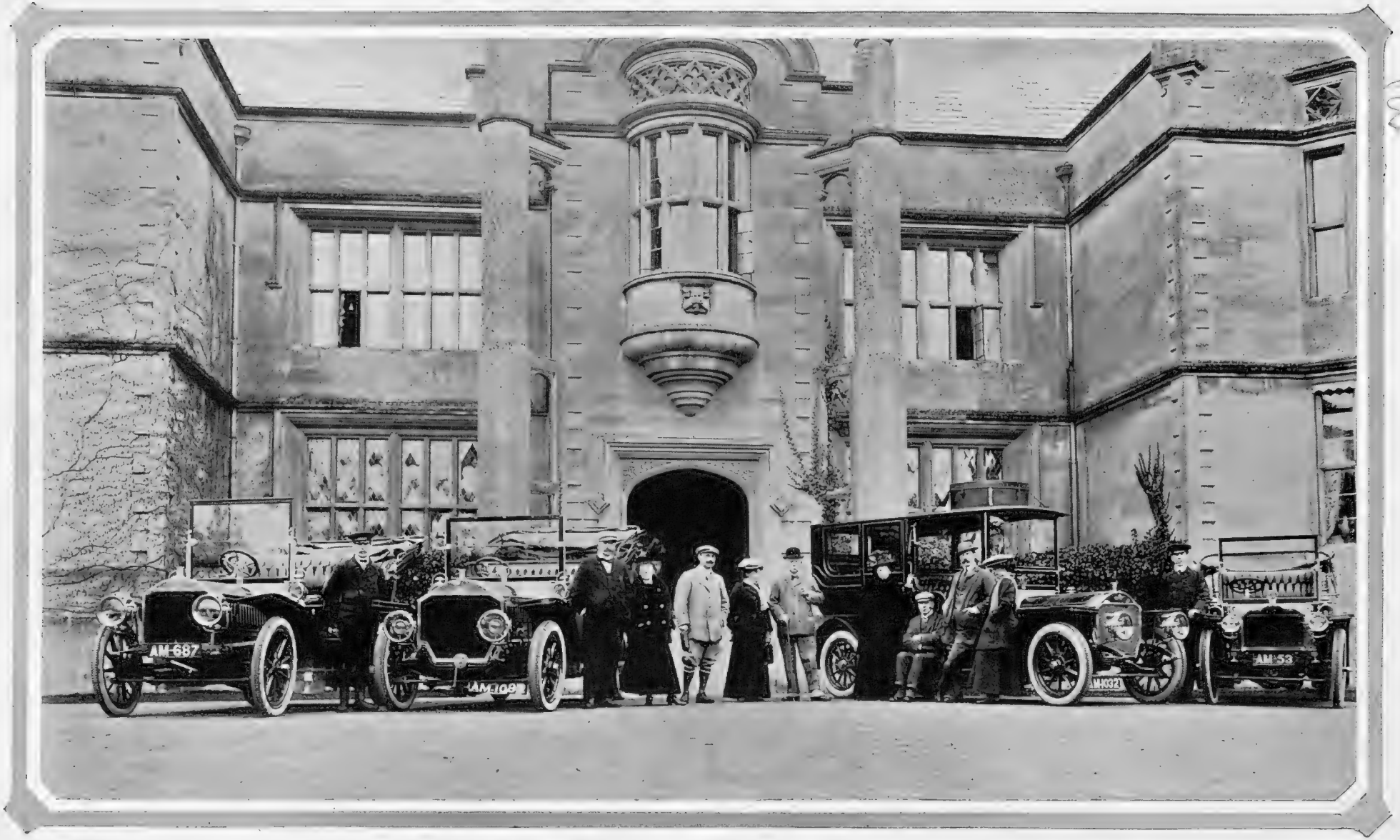
Sir R. W. B. Jardine
The winner of the Cup last year with Long Span

The Earl of Enniskillen
Who never misses a Waterloo Cup if he can help it

The Earl of Sefton
On whose estate the Waterloo Meeting is held

Mr. Fawcett
Whose famous kennel is usually prominent at Altcar

Mr. H. Bibby and the Duke of Leeds (in centre)
Two of the best supporters of coursing. Mr. Brice, the judge, is on horseback



A LOVER OF MOTORS: SIR JOHN MILLER, WITH HIS FLEET OF NAPIER CARS AT HIS SEAT AT HEYWOOD, WILTS

Sir John Miller, a prominent and successful owner of racehorses, is a familiar figure in the world of sport, and an ardent devotee of motoring. His original car was a 12-h.-p. four-cylinder Napier, which is still in excellent condition and can be seen on the extreme right. His other cars include a 40-45 h.-p. four-cylinder Napier, a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder, and a 60 h.-p. six-cylinder of the very latest type with a luxurious and up-to-date shooting brake body.

Some New Catholic Converts

Mr. Arthur Goold-Adams were the whippers-in. They not only found a fox, but had a good run, and wound up with a kill.

* * *

A Jameson Raider

To the man in the street, however, Capt. Coventry is, perhaps, best known as one of Jameson's officers in the Raid which the sensational Von Veltheim disclosures have brought once more prominently into public notice. He accompanied the Cape ex-Premier into the Transvaal in 1896, and was wounded, taken prisoner by the Boers, and subsequently tried in London and sentenced to five months' imprisonment. Croome Court, the Coventry seat, is a fine house erected by the cofferer to Henry VII.'s household, William Jeffries, from whom it passed with an heiress to Sir William Coventry. Among the pictures are two fine paintings of George III. and Queen Charlotte, presented by themselves in commemoration of their visit to Croome in 1788.

Photo *Barnett*

Miss Nadine Beauchamp

Daughter of Sir Reginald Proctor-Beauchamp. She is one of the many recent converts to Catholicism

The Path to Rome

The presence of the King and Queen at the Requiem Mass for the murdered Carlos and his heir—with its attendant wail from tactful Kensitites—reminds one of the many conversions to the Old Faith which have lately taken place among our well-known families. The most recent is that of Lady Ellen Lambart, the elder of the Earl of Cavan's two sisters. Another of her brothers is Mr. Horace Lambart, who, like the Archbishop of York, gave up the sword for the Church, and, after serving in South Africa with the C.I.V., is now a curate in Stepney. He is married to a daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Loder, and his wife's stepmother, Mrs. Alfred Loder, has also lately gone over to Rome. Yet another convert to the Catholic faith is Miss Nadine Beauchamp—picturesquely named, like her sister, Miss Ginevra Sheila Beauchamp. Her father, Sir Reginald Proctor-Beauchamp, belongs to a good old Norfolk family, and through her mother Miss Beauchamp is descended from the great Lord Brougham.

Photo] **The Settlement of the Rand Asiatic Trouble** *[Brittain*

Crowd (mostly Indians) outside the Court House, Johannesburg, on Tuesday, January 14, the date on which several Asiatics were sentenced to ten months' imprisonment for not quitting. A compromise has, happily, since been arrived at on the subject between Britain and the Transvaal Repub—— we beg pardon, Colony

A Marvel of Modern Egypt

From Assouan

A correspondent, basking in the warmth and sunshine of the Upper Nile, writes me that whatever may be the case in Cairo, in Assouan the season is one of the best. Less than a week's journey from London, and about 500 miles from Cairo, Assouan, at the first cataract on the Nile, with its constant sun, beautiful scenery, and varied population, has captured without conditions fickle fashion's favour. At the Savoy Hotel, some of the best-known people in Europe are congregated, among them Prince Waldemar of Prussia, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Sir Ernest Cassel and his daughter, the great financier being busily employed interviewing Egyptian bankers in an endeavour to evolve some means of relieving the present financial situation. The accomplished author of "The Christian" has also been in Assouan, obviously mixing "reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth," but ostensibly there for the sole purpose of seeking copy for a book or play the scene of which is to be laid *not* in the Isle of Man.

Philæ's Threatened Treasures

Pharaoh's Bed, which is gradually being immersed by the rise of water caused by the dam operations at Assouan

The Dam

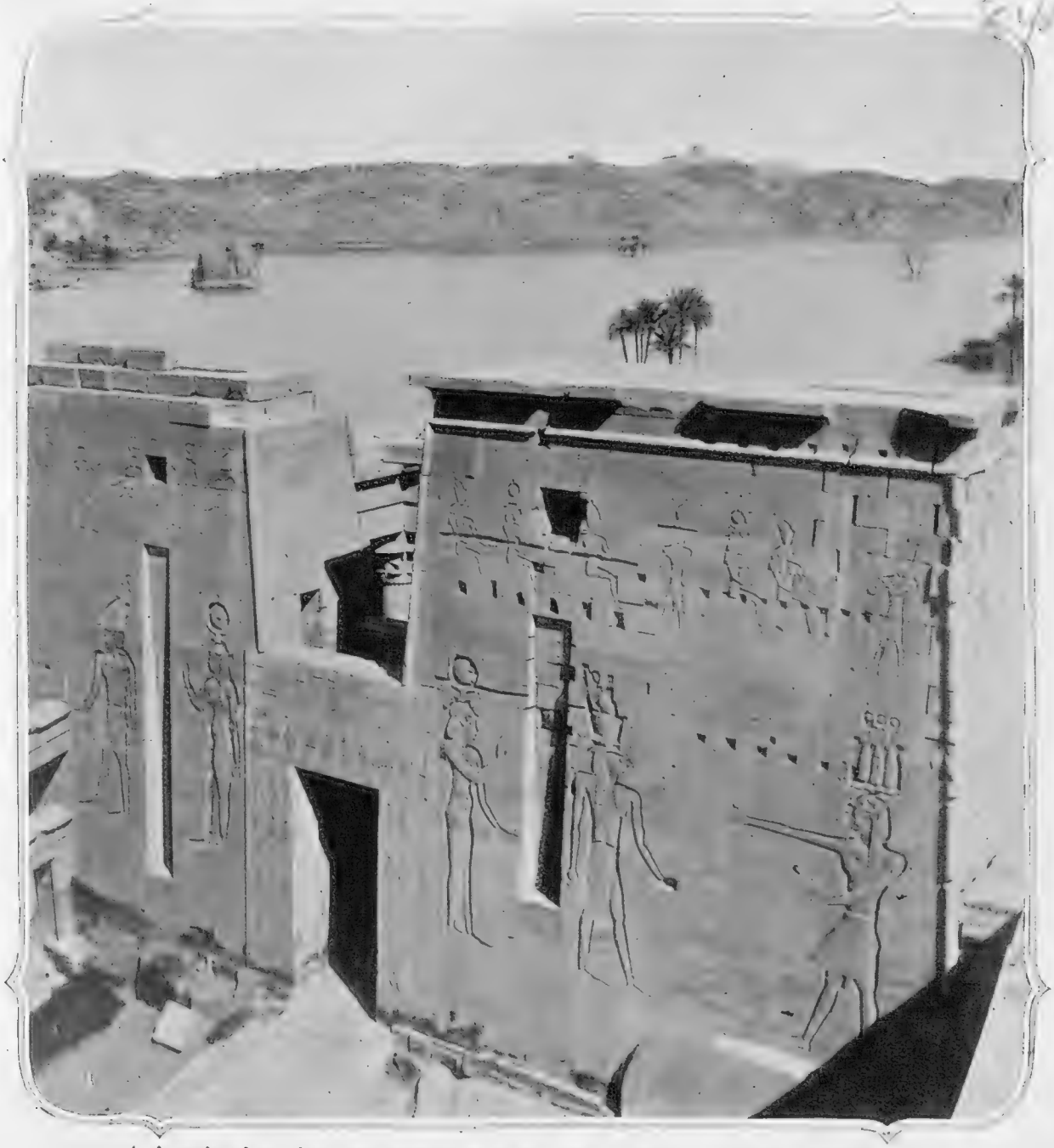
Visitors to Assouan have not yet tired of making excursions to the dam. Constructed entirely of solid granite, it is one and a quarter miles long and one hundred feet high, whilst the water rushes out of a hundred sluices. No one ever seems to realise the vast height of the structure till they look down upon the river below and see how small the natives look. At the west end of the dam is the lock through which pass the boats proceeding to Wady Halfa. Not far from here lies the Island of Philæ, which, with its beautiful ruins, has suffered greatly owing to the rise of water caused by the dam. Many of the monuments, indeed, are half submerged, the most striking of all being, perhaps, Pharaoh's Bed, which rises straight out of the water. The first Pylon is another monument which attracts attention, and which is suffering from the effects of the dam. One can still, however, mount to its summit, from which an excellent view of the surrounding Nile is to be obtained.

At Work on the Assouan Dam: One of the new wonders of the world

Egypt's ancient reputation for colossal enterprises is being well sustained under the British *régime*. The Assouan Dam, from which such great benefits are likely to result, is constructed entirely of solid granite. It is 1¼ miles long and 100 ft. high, and the water rushes out from a hundred sluices. The most favoured method of crossing it is by trolley, the walk being too hot to be traversed on foot during the day

Shall Philæ Be Dammed?

THE FAMOUS ISLAND WHICH IS THREATENED WITH SUBMERSION



1. A member of one of the most picturesque of the Nile Tribes, the Bisharin. 2. A Soudanese Family.
3. The Pylon of the Temple of Isis, on the Isle of Philæ, Assouan

The extension of the Assouan dam threatens the total submersion of the Isle of Philæ, with its temple ruins, wondrous relics of a bygone age. Of the temples and monuments with which the island is covered, the chief is the beautiful Temple of Isis, one of the finest specimens of architecture in Egypt. Its chief features are the great colonnade of thirty-two columns, and the massive towers of the Pylon, each 120 ft. wide and 60 ft. high

Fisher v. Beresford: The Naval Feud

How Matters Stand

The Government has got itself into a muddle over the question of Imperial Defence, from which it can only extricate itself by desperate means—*i.e.* Patriotism. In this, as in nearly every other matter, it is haunted by the ghosts of its General Election promises. For one Session the ghost of the manacled Chinaman leered and shivered and made night hideous for the unfortunate Cabinet. Then they heard the plaintive, "testy" voice of the Nonconformist teacher, the watery wail of the Teetotaler, the shrill shriek of the housewife whose food has "cost her more" under the very Government who promised it should cost her less.

* * *

Photo *Beresford*

Admiral Sir J. Fisher

Last, but not least, arises the dour, but determined figure of the Little England ghost, bawling for the reduced Army and Navy promised him at that same unfortunate Election. And this ghost is likely to prove the most spirited phantom of the lot. It means business. Unless the forthcoming Army and Navy Estimates show a reduction, some 150 Radicals will know the reason why, and with them will be as many more from the Labour and Irish ranks. If the Government "sticks to its guns" (to use an appropriate metaphor) it can save its skin. There are more Liberals and Conservatives in the House who want the Navy preserved than there are economists who want it reduced.

* * *

If this were a straightforward battle between a strong Navy and a weak one, there could be little doubt of the ultimate issue. The nation wishes for the former, and a Government which went to the country with the cry of "A Strong Navy and Sleep o' Nights" would, infallibly, win hands down against an economist opposition. But, alas, the Navy itself is not solid on this question.

* * *

The Estimates about which the battle is raging are those of Sir John Fisher. Now, Sir John Fisher does not, unfortunately, speak with the sympathy of the whole Navy. He is accused by a powerful group of critics, including some of our leading Admirals, Members of Parliament on both sides of the House, and important newspapers, of having failed to maintain the Navy at the two-Power standard necessary for our national safety. The criticism is supported by the contention that, in the current financial year, the combined naval expenditure of Germany and the United States exceeds our own by six millions sterling. It is also claimed that, in actual armoured tonnage, England has fallen below the standard, and has failed to keep pace with even Germany alone. Those who support this view wish us to lay down, every year, eight Dreadnoughts, involving an outlay on new construction of seventeen millions per annum.

* * *

Now, it seems that the Estimates authorised by the present Admiralty, while they arouse against the Government the hostility of the economists because they go too far, range against them, on the other side, a group who contend that they go not nearly far enough. Should they escape such a battery of cross-fire, it will only be by the most marvellous political good luck. All moderate men will, in this case, wish it to them, for, despite the extremists, Admiral Fisher's policy is supported by a very powerful body of opinion, including the four living ex-First Lords of the Admiralty. Lord Esher, for his part, pins his faith in Admiral Fisher on the recollection of a conversation held with him in 1903, in which Sir John unfolded his plans for increasing the efficiency of the fighting fleet on strategic grounds. This involved a reduction of useless craft, the formation of a Reserve Fleet, and other extensive reforms in distribution, types of ship, terms of service, etc., etc.

* * *

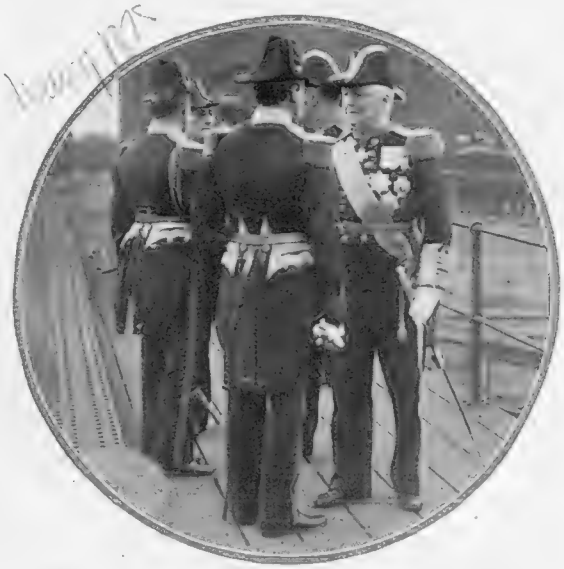


Photo *Topical Agency*

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford (right) with his staff at Portsmouth

It seems to us that having, for four years, allotted to Sir John Fisher the task of controlling our naval policy at sea, only the gravest proof of the inadequacy of his plans, based on other grounds than mere statistical details of tonnage and comparisons with foreign programmes, should persuade the country to discontinue them. After all, as has been proved again and again throughout history, victory does not always lie with the big battalions. In all the great naval wars of history, from the Peloponnesian to the Russo-Japanese, the winner has been not the stronger, but the fitter. If the feud is to be summed up as Fisher and Fitness *v.* Beresford and Bulk, our own preference is for the former.

The London Concert Season

Photo] MISS GWENDOLINE PELLY [*A. Lewis and Son*

Who is giving a concert at the Bechstein Hall this (Wednesday) evening, when she will be assisted by Miss Lilian Moreton and Mr. Gervase Elwes. With Mr. Charlton Keith at the piano, Miss Pelly will play the Grieg Sonata in G minor for violin and piano. Her programme also includes Wieniawski's "Airs Russes," etc. Mr. Gervase Elwes will be heard in songs by Brahms, C. V. Stanford, and M. V. White

Continental Chat.

Photo] **The Austrian Heir Abroad** [*Halftones, Ltd*

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Princess Hohenberg, leaving the rink at Celernia (near St. Moritz) after declaring the Bonspiel open. The Archduke is little known abroad, save in Switzerland, where he and the Princess are very popular, and enthusiastic in winter sports

Exit—Franco

The flight of Senhor Franco has set the whole Continent speculating. The newspapers imagined that there was only one place that he could be bound for when he joined the Sud Express at the frontier. Paris, that Eldorado of careworn Prime Ministers, however, was not his goal, but Italy, whither he has proceeded by a circuitous route *viâ* Bordeaux and Marseilles. So, like Coriolanus, he has quitted his ungrateful country for good, he says, to till his lands in another. After such an abdication it was hardly necessary for him to announce that he had given up politics. The Queen was, of course, never favourable to her late husband's policy, and it will be remembered that the Crown Prince was rusticated on account of his own disapproval of it. And yet those who know Portugal well assert that the condition of things Senhor Franco was trying to remedy was a disgrace to the country. To reform, however, corrupt practices which have grown up in a nation where the political spirit is undeveloped is obviously no easy task. The same corrupt practices are to be found in both Spain and Italy, and, probably, they will continue till the national spirit itself has become more acutely interested in national affairs. But this is hardly a subject for THE BYSTANDER, for whom Senhor Franco's reforms and precipitate exit from political life now cease to be a subject of concern. We content ourselves with publishing, on this page, a photograph of the new Cabinet, to which we wish every success, and may it be long before Portugal again diverts the attention of the world to its very local and not very interesting politics.

* * *

Francis Joseph, the Free and Easy

The Austrian Emperor has now quite recovered from what he himself calls a slight indisposition, and has several times been seen walking in the grounds of Schoenbrunn. He will not, as was at first suggested, spend the months of February and March on the

SENHOR CAMPOS HENRIQUES
Minister of Justice

SENHOR WENCESLAO LIMA
Minister for Foreign Affairs

To Confer with King Manuel: The New Portuguese Cabinet entering the Palace at Lisbon

VICE-ADMIRAL FERREIRA DO AMARAL
The Premier

ADMIRAL CASTILHO
Minister of Marine

When the Sun's Last Rays are Fading

Photo *Ballance*

SUNSET OVER THE BAY OF BORDIGHERA

On few coast-lines are more beautiful sunset effects to be obtained than on the Riviera, where those in search of sun and warmth are now enjoying ideal weather. Prophecies of a bad season have not been realised and all the French and Italian resorts have their full complement of visitors. It is noticeable that visitors from Germany are becoming more and more partial to those spots on the east of Nice, while those on the west of this town are almost entirely favoured by the English and Americans

Riviera. It is never difficult for anybody staying in Vienna to see Francis Joseph, provided one rises early in the morning, for the Emperor generally takes a stroll before or after his second breakfast at nine o'clock. On these occasions, except for the company of his aide-de-camp, a trusted warrior of about his own age, he is unescorted. Any Anarchist would find in him an easy prey. Anyone indiscreet enough could accost him. The salutations of all, he acknowledges with his usual sad expression, which only leaves him when he stops, as he sometimes does, to talk to the little children playing along the paths.

* * *

The Austrian Heir at St. Moritz

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, with his wife and family, have been staying at St. Moritz for some weeks past. The other day, to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants of Celernia, their Royal Highnesses

Photo *L. E. A.*

British Royalty in Rome

T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught walking in Rome, where they have recently been on a visit, *en route* for Malta. The usual rumours as to the object of the visit have been afloat, this time fixing up an alliance between the Princess Patricia and the Count of Turin

declared the Bonspiel open, and gave it a good send off. This year the Archduke has taken an active interest in everything. He has given and presented prizes and medals, has taken part himself in the sports, and made himself generally popular, especially among the English staying there.

* * *

A Little-Known Prince

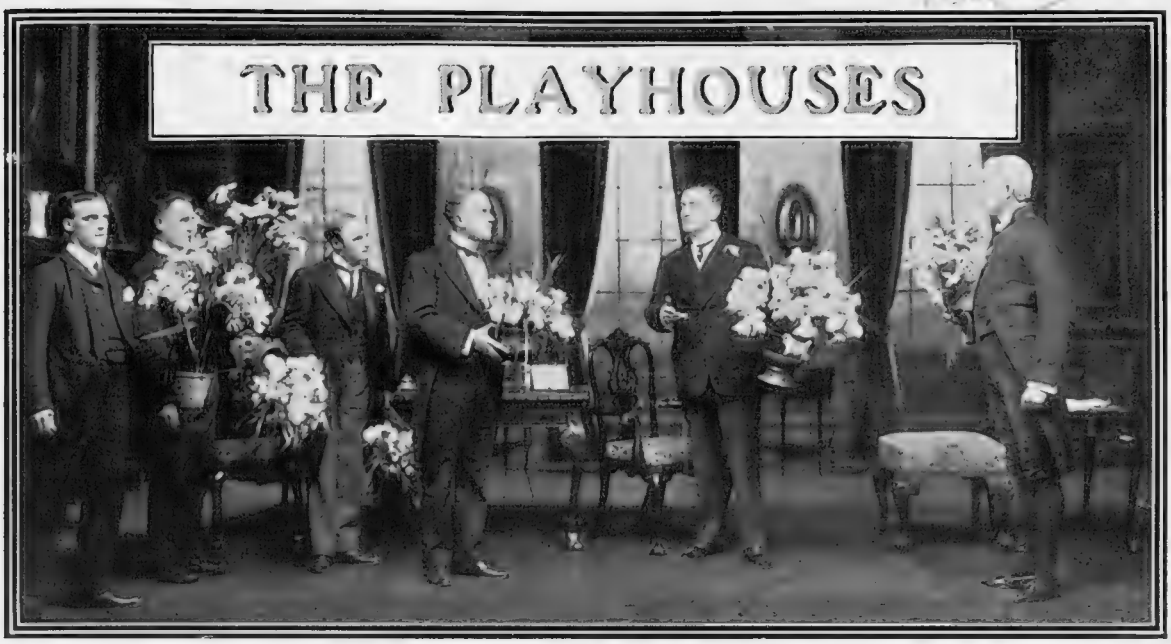
No Crown Prince in Europe is less known than he. Many people, in fact, do not know of his existence. He has not been loaded with foreign Orders, Russia and Germany alone having presented him with honorary commands, of varying degrees of distinction. Austrian Grand Dukes have been compared to rare and beautiful ornaments, which are occasionally taken out and dusted, and merely kept for show. According to the Austrian practice, it is not till after the Emperor's death that the Heir-Apparent comes into direct contact with the people. The Emperor, however, recently departed from this practice, and the Archduke was allowed to take his place at the manœuvres as Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Army, a position his uncle intended to relinquish only with death. When the Court physicians at last succeeded in convincing their Royal patient that he had not the strength of a man of forty years, he was obliged to give up the pastime he liked best, viz., riding. Once a year, however, he again allows himself the pleasure of mounting a horse—that is, at the time of the manœuvres. Hoisted on the quietest beast which can be procured, he watches the army in which he has always taken so great a pride, and imagines himself, at any rate for one day in the year, an Emperor in the prime of his glory.

* * *

Doings "Down South"

The Riviera season is giving rise to no comments one way or another, so I presume the visitors are satisfied. The weather has been uniformly superb, and the occasional clouds have only added to the enjoyment by affording unprecedentedly beautiful sunsets, such as the one reproduced in the accompanying photograph. Nice has become, or is rapidly becoming, a frontier post between the English and German Colonies. Nearly all the resorts east of Nice are growing more and more German, and, of course, therefore, less and less English, though those west of Nice remain essentially English. It has still to be seen what will be the effect of the new Casino at Cannes. Many of the old visitors are apprehensive lest it should attract the cosmopolitan and German elements, which have hitherto avoided it as too quiet and dull. The English, who prefer the shores of the Mediterranean to wintering in the country, are quite satisfied with the sun, the sea, and the warmth, and ask for nothing more than they would get in their own country. Other visitors hail mostly from towns, and miss the distractions of town life, if their winter quarters do not supply them. The chief distractions this year, as always, are golf and tennis. More than ordinary interest attaches to the preparations of King Carnival. The fêtes are to begin earlier and end later than in former seasons, and money is being spent lavishly to attract visitors. His Majesty's palace this year will be built in the style of an Indian pagoda, and will serve at the same time as a prison for the God of War. The *fêtes des fleurs*, too, are this year expected to be much more elaborate than usual. The Royal visitors to the Riviera arrive, unfortunately, long before or long after the carnival festivities. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has been staying at Beaulieu, and there are Russian Grand Dukes throughout the season at Cannes. King Leopold is expected later.

THE PLAYHOUSES



"Her Father" at the Haymarket: Lord Claremont (Mr. Arthur Bourchier) prepares for his daughter's arrival

LORD CLAREMONT to SIMPSON (*Mr. E. W. Tarver*): "I thought we would have nothing but iris in this room, Simpson—iris, the flower of the goddess Irene"

GARRICK THEATRE

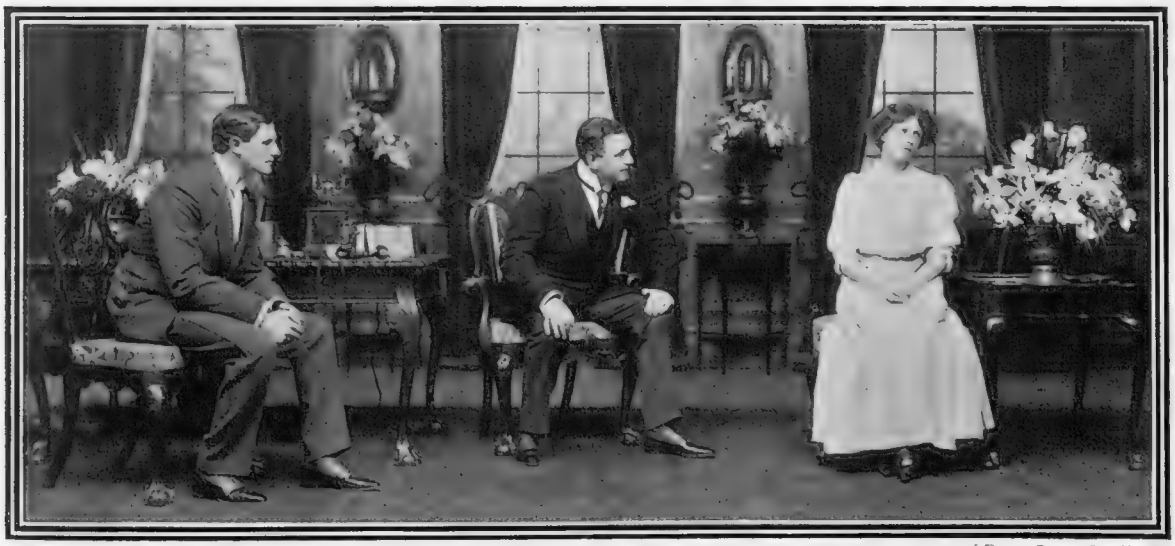
"The Woman of Kronstadt"

Again a novel triumphs over a play. Again it is the author himself who sharpens the knife of adaptation for use upon his own offspring. Mr. Max Pemberton has cut even deeper than Mr. W. J. Locke, for the second act of *The Beloved Vagabond* was at least tinctured with the essence of the original.

But *The Woman of Kronstadt*, at the Garrick Theatre, is like the proverbial "nothing on earth." Gone perforce are all the exciting happenings by sea which spurred one galloping through the book. Gone, too, is the spell which gave reality to the personality of Marian Best, the beautiful spy in Kronstadt's garrison, and her romantic relations with young Captain Zassoulic. The stage version is flat and prolix. With all the good intentions in the world to follow the play with interest and to be thrilled at the passages where the adaptors intended one to be thrilled, one finds one's attention wandering off. Then comes an attack of the fidgets, difficult to fend off for the reason that there is nothing to engage and hold the attention.

If the adaptors (the author had the assistance of George Fleming) had made Marian Best and Captain Paul Zassoulic the central figures of melodrama unabashed they might have succeeded. In the attempt to write a "strong play" round these characters they have failed. Mrs. Russ Whytal headed a cast which worked nobly to give reality to the artifices and the clumsily contrived situations in the play. But it was a forlorn hope.

Mr. Locke spoilt his book to make a play which, for all its faults, should draw the town. This last consolation is, I fear, denied Mr. Pemberton.



Photos] [*Dover Street Studios*

"Her Father" at the Haymarket: Small Talk under difficulties

LORD CLAREMONT: "Did you like your room? Which room did you choose?"
IRENE (*Miss Marie Löhr*): "The one that was given me"

Irene's father, Lord Claremont, after having been separated from his wife for eighteen years, suddenly claims his right to have his daughter with him for one month in twelve. While obeying the letter of the law, his daughter Irene is under no obligation to be anything but chilling and distant towards him, and the gradual breaking down of this attitude under her father's unremitting kindness gives the opportunity for delightful acting on Miss Löhr's part

KINGSWAY THEATRE

"Diana of Dobson's"

A bronze medal should be struck for Miss Lena Ashwell if she continues the good work of giving a hearing to unknown dramatists. In these days of cautious managers who, if rumour be true, will not "look at" a play unless it be written by one of a little band of dramatists who have "arrived," Miss Ashwell's bold policy commands our admiration and good-will.

Cicely Hamilton is not another Anthony P. Wharton, but she has turned out a workmanlike play with plenty of good material in it. The shop life at Dobson's is cleverly revealed in the chatter of the girls in the dormitory before "lights out." There are other revelations—of shapely figures and pretty ankles. Indeed, the undressing scene should make London talk.

Miss Ashwell well expresses the fierce revolt of the over-worked, under-paid assistant. The lines put into the mouth of Diana Massingberd ring with sincerity. upon him for an idle, dissolute, good-for-nothing fortune-hunter. Few actresses have the faculty of Miss Ashwell for expressing withering scorn without descending to the invective of the virago. The Captain makes a good fight for his position. Roused to real anger by the elements of injustice, he counters her attack by declaring that she has behaved disgracefully to him by passing herself off as a rich widow. She is no better than—an adventuress. Then indeed is the air filled with the cracking of countless whips. She defies him to earn an honest livelihood even for a week, and flings out of the room.

The last act is a little difficult to stomach. It is likely that the Captain, turning his back on his home and comfortable income, should resolve to earn his living for six months; that his incompetence as a wage-earner should land him on a bench on the Embankment at 3 a.m.! It is likely too, that Diana, out of a "shop" and without a

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mrs. Rigely-Fane (*Miss Angela Vanbrugh*) **Sir Claude Trehmayne** (*Mr. Cyril Keightley*) **Irene** (*Miss Marie Löhr*) **Lord Claremont** (*Mr. Bourchier*)

The "Where Shall We Go To-night? Brigade," in "Her Father" at the Haymarket

Lord Claremont suggests to his friends, whom, in private, he calls the "Where Shall We Go To-night? Brigade," that they should organise some private theatricals in honour of the visit of his daughter, Irene

Soon after the opening, the play, it must be confessed, is bolstered up by old stage devices, and in several parts would fall to pieces but for the long arm—the very long arm—of coincidence. Diana is released from thraldom by the sudden acquisition of £300. She resolves to enjoy one glorious month of life as a widow living at the rate of £3,600 a year.

The Comedy Note

Here a pleasing note of comedy is struck. She is taken at her supposed value by the mammon-worshipping Mrs. Cantelupe, who, in an amusing scene, pumps the fascinating widow and gathers enough misinformation to urge her nephew, Captain the Hon. Victor Bretherton, to propose to Mrs. Massingberd. The great scene of the play takes place between the Captain and Mrs. Massingberd. He is fond of her, but his regard is tainted by the glamour of her wealth. She rounds penny, should elect to rest her weary bones on an Embankment seat!

There is no improbability in the fact that Police-Constable Fellowes, on duty on the Embankment at 3 a.m., should prove to be an old soldier in Captain Bretherton's regiment. But that all three, the constable, the Captain, and the lady, should meet at 3 a.m. on the Embankment! This is melodrama indeed, but it is saved from being ridiculous by the sense of comedy with which the scene is written. Great assistance to the scene, too, is lent by Miss Beryl Mercer for her clever rendering of an old woman who improves her waking hours on the Embankment bench with choice morals of philosophy.

Of Miss Ashwell's performance I have spoken. She scores in every line of it. The faults and the virtues of Captain Bretherton are well brought out by Mr. C. M. Hallard. It is a rôle by no means straightforward to play. E. C. S.

"Diana of Dobson's"

ON THE EMBANKMENT

"FELLOWES IS A GOOD CHAP — WE'LL INVITE HIM TO THE WEDDING"!
(MR C.M. HALLARD AND MISS LENA ASHWELL)

MISS LENA ASHWELL AS "DIANA"

MISS FRANCES IVOR AS "MRS CANTELUPE"

MR DENIS EADIE AS SIR JABEZ"

MR C.M HALLARD AS CAPT. THE HON. VICTOR

MR NORMAN McKINNEL AS "CONSTABLE FELLOWES"

SKETCHED AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

Passion Torn to Tatters!

Iana (Signorina Aguglia Ferrau) and Ninu (Cav. Grasso)

The couple are betrothed, but Iana has a mad obsession for another—her brother-in-law, Cola—which she displays with the uttermost degree of abandon

EMOTIONALI

Signorina Aguglia

This Sicilian actress's playing has been the s critics do not hesitate to place her on th

Iana "Possessed by the Devil"

Photos

THE FINAL SC

Cola, Iana's brother-in-law, after his intrigues with her are known, blames her publicly, and, while loa veritable Carnival of Passion. The Sicilian Players will be seen in a series of new plays during this s enormous tragic powers, which h

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS WHOSE PAROXYSMS HAVE GIVEN LONDON ITS LONG-AWAITED NEW SENSATION

IN EXCELSIS !

Ferrau in Ordinary Life

sation of t... season. As an emotional actress the same plan... as Bernhardt in her palmiest days

A Scene Between the Betrothed Couple, Iana and Ninu

Ba sano

NE IN "MALIA"

ng her with reproaches, Ninu springs at him and cuts his throat. The curtain then falls on a play that is a ek. In *Juan José* and *Morte Civile* there occur special chances for the display of Signor Giovanni Grasso's e heretofore only been foreshadowed

Iana in an Attitude of Despair

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—NO. 117

The Picture of the Year

By FRED M. WHITE

WILFRED GARNETT turned up the gas in the passage leading to the studio, so that he could see exactly what it was there crouching on the doorstep. The wine he had been drinking no longer hummed in his head, and he was coming back to a proper understanding of things. In the ordinary course of events, this was to have been his last night in Bohemia. He had been going back to his studio to paint the picture which the world had so long expected, and then to pass behind the shadow into the hereafter and the unknown. At least, that was what his doctor told him.

The girl—for she was nothing more—crouched there, and she was evidently faint and exhausted. She looked up at Garnett with a wan smile, which suggested to him the expression of a dog that asks for shelter.

"How did you get here?" Garnett asked.

"I—I don't know," the woman said vaguely. "I think the cold was a bit too much for me, and I have not been very well lately. I stopped on your doorstep, and I don't recollect anything else till I saw you bending over me. You are very kind, Mr. Garnett, and I have had so little kindness lately."

"You know my name, then?" Garnett asked, as he led the way into the studio.

"Oh, yes, I know most of you by sight. Probably you are acquainted with my husband. I am Mrs. Richmond Blake."

Garnett was perfectly well acquainted with the name. Most people knew the eccentric Richmond Blake, by reputation at any rate. He had been the handsomest, as well as the wildest, of a brilliant Bohemian set. There had been nothing outside the reach of his genius, but the man had been eccentric to the verge of insanity. There were stories, too, of his cruelty to the woman whom he had married. He had gone off a few months before on a painting excursion to South America, and recent reports said the ill-fated expedition had perished, and that the world had seen and heard the last of the brilliant, inconsequent Richmond Blake.

"Are you doing anything now?" Garnett asked. "I suppose your husband left you fairly well——"

"Penniless," the woman said quietly.

"Meanwhile," Garnett cried, "meanwhile you are penniless. Oh, don't deny it! We have all been through it at different times. What a burning shame it is that the widow of a man like Richmond Blake should be in absolute need! What are the boys thinking about?"

"They don't know."

"We are both companions in misfortune." Garnett said. "Do you know when I found you here to-night I had just turned my back on the old life never to resume it again? I suppose it is my own fault. I refused to believe it when I was told years ago that my constitution would never stand the racketing existence one leads here. I thought I could do anything. I thought I could live with the wildest of them. And when those pains in my heart troubled me I put it down to over-smoking. And all this time I was doing nothing; I was disgusting my real friends by my idleness. Some of them began to say that I couldn't paint a great picture at all. Well, we shall see. Those pains have been getting worse lately, so I thought I would go round to my friend Dr. Vassall and get him to examine me. And he told me I have possibly six months to live. Still, I am going to justify my existence. I am not going to have my friends taunted with the fact that they were wrong about me. And my picture has been mellowing in my mind for years. But I could not find a model to my taste. I wanted a model which would convey the meaning of the picture—one whose face would inspire me. And now I have found her. You shall sit to me for the picture, and I will pay you for your services.

A wave of colour swept over Kate Blake's face.

"I might," she said timidly. "It seems strange to think of me sitting for a painter. My husband would never have allowed it if he had lived. I believe he would have killed me if he imagined that I had even thought of such a thing."

"So you will sit for my picture?" said Garnett. "You will be my model? But of course you will. I am sure that Providence sent you here on purpose."

. . . . . .

For two months Wilfred Garnett had turned his back resolutely upon his old haunts and companions. He was working almost day and night upon the picture. It began to leap and glow into the form of light and life under his hands, it began to stand out warm and strong and tender on the canvas. And there was no reason for anybody to tell him that here was a masterpiece, here was something that would make his name and hand him down to posterity as the man who had painted one picture. He was too honest, too self-critical to blind himself to mistake bad work for good, and all this time Kate Blake had been his constant companion. They had grown to be something more than friends.

There were moments when Garnett was full of life and spirits. There were moments again when he was plunged in the deepest depression. And now the Spring which Garnett would never see was near.

He had painted all day breathlessly and feverishly, and said few words, then suddenly it was borne in upon him that his model was tired and worn out. He threw his brush aside and stepped to the fireplace.

"What a selfish wretch I am!" he said. "I think of nothing but myself. We won't work any more this evening. You had better go for a walk. It seems a pity to stay in on a night like this. We can make it up by starting early to-morrow."

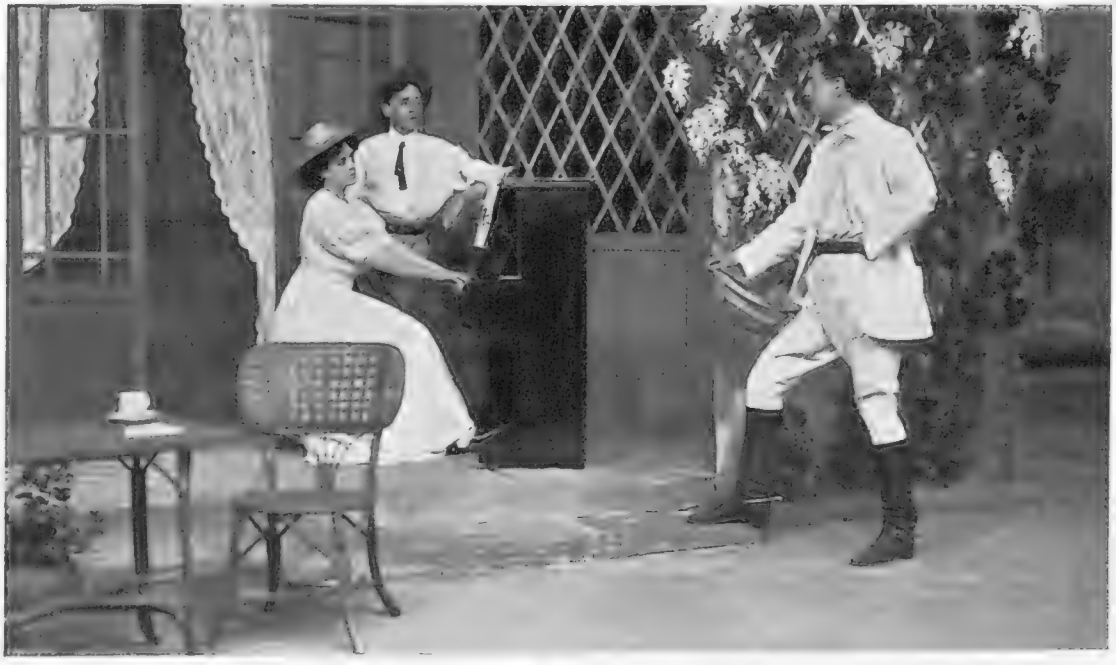
Kate Blake was nothing loth. She was longing for a breath of fresh air. She walked along the streets until the night fell. She was feeling more or less dreamily contented, scarcely noticing those about her. And then, suddenly, a voice broke upon her ear that brought her up all standing and trembling. She knew that voice well enough; she had heard it wild and cold and threatening, she had heard it soft and pleading. It sounded full of life and gaiety now.

(Continued on page 394)

(All rights strictly reserved)

Stingaree's One Weakness

MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE—BUSHRANGER



Hilda Bouverie (*Miss Hilda Antony*) Ives, the new chum (*Mr. Norman Page*) Stingaree (*Mr. Henry Ainley*)

STINGAREE: "What's that song?"

Intending an attack with his band on the house of one Clarkson, Stingaree, a famous bushranger, hears Hilda Bouverie singing. He has a passion for music, and forgetting his original mission, he stops to listen, and falls in love with the singer

Photos

The Rival Suitors

STINGAREE *to* TOM BRACY (*Mr. Herbert Waring*): "That was smart!"

Stingaree's identity is unknown to all save Bracy, Hilda's *fiancé*, and when the latter discovers the bushranger is a rival, he uses the above argument to try and dissuade him from pursuing his suit, and threatens the alternative of handing him over to the authorities

Foulsham and Banfield

Three Years After

Stingaree, on the eve of his release from prison, escapes to hear Hilda's triumphant début as a *diva* at Sydney. Terrified lest he should again be apprehended, Hilda offers him her jewels that he may make his escape

Even the excellent acting of all the members of the cast cannot disguise the fact that *Stingaree* is rank melodrama masquerading in the guise of comedy. Mr. Henry Ainley is an accomplished actor, who, however, should never have been cast for the rôle of a dashing, dare-devil bushranger, whose one weakness is a passion for music, while several of the crucial incidents are rendered totally unconvincing

(*Continued from page 392*)

She wondered if the man would recognise her. She stood there so close that he almost brushed her as he passed. But he took no heed. He carried his head high in the air, he was talking of his own plans in his own breezy, egotistical way.

"I never felt better in my life," he was saying. "Oh, yes, it was pretty exciting while it lasted. I have got the marks of it about me now. But I don't know how it came to get about that those people had wiped us out. Yes, I shall stay in London for the present. I daresay when my wife comes to hear the good news——"

Kate heard no more, for the clear, sanguine voice had died away in the distance. She crept along, trembling and shaking from head to foot. She tried to feel a gladness that Richmond Blake was still alive, but she hated herself for the knowledge that her heart was full of fear and misery. She could never go back to him now. She must never see him again, and London was big enough and wide enough for both of them. She needed to be cautious and prudent, and in time Richmond Blake's search would come to an end. There was not the slightest chance of his finding her, unless——

Unless! Ah, that was where the danger came in! Wilfred Garnett's picture was certain to have its place in the Academy; it would be talked about. Undoubtedly it would be the picture of the year. And Richmond Blake would see it; nothing would prevent that. Not only would he see it, but he would draw the worst conclusions. All the wild, mad blood in his veins would be aflame with jealousy. He would listen to no explanation, and there would be a tragedy. That he might seek her out and kill her was nothing; that he might take Wilfred Garnett's life was another matter altogether.

Kate was thinking more calmly now. She had made up her mind what to do by the time she reached Garnett's studio. She found him sitting over the fire, smoking moodily. Just for a moment he did not seem to be conscious of her presence, then she touched his arm, and he looked up. The woeful misery of her face was not lost upon him.

"You needn't tell me," he said. "I might have known what would happen. Richmond Blake is not dead. He is alive again, and you have seen him. Is not that so?"

"How did you guess it?" she cried. "Have you seen it in the paper? Has he been here?"

"I read it in your face," Garnett said. "I knew it directly I looked at you. And you were horribly frightened. You are afraid of him, and perhaps you are afraid for me. Oh, I know exactly what Blake will think! There need not be any false modesty between us on that point. He will think the very worst. He is just the class of man who would. And if anything happens to you——"

"Nothing will happen to me," Kate said quietly. "And it doesn't matter if it does. But with you it will be otherwise. And there is only one way out of it, indeed there is."

Garnett rose and paced up and down the studio. His face was dark and angry, but it cleared slightly as he looked at the white misery of his companion. He knew exactly what she was going to say, he knew exactly what she was going to plead for. And the worst of it was that he would have to yield. It was a bitter moment for the artist to see the work of the last two months slipping through his hands, to know that, after all, he could not justify his existence. He turned to the picture, and laid a loving hand upon it.

"I know," he said. "This will have to go. It must never see the light. It must never be hanged upon the walls of the Academy. Not because I am in the least afraid; I have come far too near the end of my life for that. If the finish were hastened by a few days by Richmond Blake it would make no sort of difference. But, then, I have you to consider before myself. I am going to let no breath of scandal blow on your fair fame. See, the picture is finished. It hardly needs another touch before it is ready. I cannot make up my mind yet to destroy it, but to-morrow it shall be done. It is cruelly hard that Fate should step between me and my ambitions like this. But I am not going to whine; I am not going to complain. Come here to-morrow morning, and together we will destroy the picture. But not to-night; I am not quite strong enough for that. And now, will you leave me?"

The last words came harsh and stern. Kate opened her mouth to speak, then she changed her mind. It was no opportune moment, she recognised. When Garnett turned again she was gone. Even then he could see that she had done the right thing, as she always did. He stood there a long time contemplating his picture. He took a black cloth presently, and threw it over the canvas. Then very quietly he put on his hat and turned out the studio lights, and walked in the direction of his club.

The place was crowded; there were many there glad to see him. They gathered round him; they forced drink upon him.

"I drink with one and all of you," he said. "I shall refuse nothing. This is going to be a great night, perhaps the greatest and last of them all. Here's to you, George and Alfred, William, Henry, and all the rest of you. Health to you all, and may your lives be more successful than mine. It is the least I could wish you."

The clock struck four as Garnett staggered homeward.

. . . . . .

The trouble was with Kate Blake in her dreams; it stood by her bedside when she woke in the morning. In vain she tried to find some way out of the difficulty, some method whereby Garnett should not be robbed of his darling ambition, but she could see no escape. It was not for herself that she was afraid, it was for Garnett. She knew what her husband was; she knew what he would be likely to say. There would certainly be a scandal, and most likely a tragedy, too. There was nothing for it but to destroy the picture, or, at any rate, place it somewhere where it could not be seen for years to come.

And how well Garnett had taken it. Kate could see the whole scene now vividly before her eyes, she could see how Garnett's face had turned white, she could see the quiver of his lips, and the look of anguish in his eyes. And yet he had said nothing. It was almost as if a woman had sacrificed her child to the necessities of a neighbour. And the picture had been quite as much to Garnett as a child. His whole life had been bound up with it; he absolutely had nothing else to

(*Continued on page 396*)

A Link with Tudor England

Photo *C. Winter-Wood*

OGWELL MILL, NEAR NEWTON ABBOTT

Nestling in the beautiful Bradley Woods behind Newton Abbott, old Ogwell Mill is an interesting link with a bygone age, for though between three and four hundred years old, it has not been modernised out of existence, and is still actively worked

(*Continued from page 394*)

live for. And just to protect her from a threatened danger, he was prepared to give up everything, to die an obscure man without the slightest attempt to vindicate his genius.

A feeling of helplessness and shame came over the girl. She would go back to Garnett and see if together they could not scheme some way out of the difficulty. There was no time to be lost, for Garnett had promised to destroy the picture, and by this time he might have done so. His word was his bond. Probably he would not hesitate for fear that he should fail; and, after all, the picture was his to do what he liked with. Some men would not have been concerned with Kate Blake at all.

She hurried along in the direction of the studio. She knocked at the door, but no one replied. Then she went unsteadily in. To her surprise, the place was neater than she had ever seen it before. The fire burnt crisp and clear. There was that faint odour in the room which held the all sharp suggestiveness of illness. A corner of the studio had been screened off, and behind it Kate could hear someone breathing heavily. A woman appeared with something on a tray, and Kate recognised her as the charwoman whose duty it was to look after the studios on that floor.

"What has happened?" she asked. "Mr. Garnett——"

"He's very ill," the woman explained curtly. "The doctor has been once, and he is coming again presently. Ah, in one way and another, there is something to do with these artist gentlemen. Mr. Garnett, he goes off to his club last night, and as he can't get his latchkey into the door, why he goes to sleep on the step in the rain, and that's the way I find him at six o'clock this morning. And now he has got pneumonia, and no one to look after him but me."

Kate took the tray and slipped behind the screen. She had seen illness of this kind before; she knew pretty well what to do. Garnett was lying there flushed and half-conscious. He was breathing heavily and painfully. He did not seem in the least to know who Kate was. And she understood perfectly what had taken place. She had not lived for the best part of three years with a man cursed with the artistic temperament for nothing. Garnett had realised that the whole world had slipped away from under his feet. There had been nothing left worth living for now. He had gone off to his club in his reckless, headstrong way, he had drowned his cares in the mad fashion of Bohemia. It was the same sordid tragedy that has been played over and over again, the same sorrowful story of genius unappreciated and stultified by the insane root which takes the reason prisoner. And it seemed to Kate as she bent over the bed there that the fault was wholly and entirely hers. To a certain extent, she had killed this man. After what the doctor had told him, he could not expect to get better; he would not have strength enough to rally against an attack like this. And all that Kate could do to make amends was to stay with him to the end, to care for him and tend him until the play was finished. And she knew well that when the curtain did come down that the best part of herself would be buried in the coffin of Wilfred Garnett.

The morning dragged along. The doctor came at length, neat and trim and shrewd, prosperous-looking, and easy of manner. Dr. Vassall was well known to Kate. For the most part, his practice lay among successful artists and men of letters.

"How are you?" he said quite naturally. "I expected to find you here. Of course, I recognised the model of Garnett's picture. It is no business of mine, but I saw your husband last night——"

"You didn't tell him?" Kate gasped.

"No, I said nothing. This is a bad business of poor Garnett's. At the same time I am rather annoyed with him. I began to flatter myself that he had turned over a new leaf. I quite thought that I had frightened him into a sense of his responsibilities. It was all he needed to do something great, and I understand for the last two months he has not been seen at his club. He told me himself that he was painting a really great picture, and I believed him. And he would never have said that if he hadn't honestly thought so. Of course, as I said before, it is no business of mine——"

Vassall paused and shrugged his shoulders. He walked over to the picture, and threw back the black cloth. He examined the work long and critically. It seemed to Kate that she knew exactly what was passing through his mind—she was wondering what her husband would think and say and do when he heard of this. There was no occasion for any words. Presently Vassall dropped the cloth again, and walked thoughtfully to the fireplace.

"What are we going to do?" he asked. "Who shall we get to look after Garnett? I don't suppose he has any money to pay for a nurse. They are all alike."

"There will be no occasion," Kate said quietly. "I am going to nurse Mr. Garnett myself. I am entirely responsible for what has happened. But for me, he would be in his usual health at the present moment. And I know all his circumstances. I know where his money is, and how much there is of it. But I don't want my husband to know I am here. I want you to keep my secret for me. There will be plenty of time for explanations later on. But do you think Wilfred Garnett will get better? Do you think it is possible for a man with a heart like his to recover from such an attack?"

Vassall looked just a little puzzled.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Why shouldn't he get better? After all, he has taken very good care of himself lately, and pneumonia is not so deadly as all that. He is going to pay dearly for his silly drunken freak, but he will be about again in a week or two. It lies in your hands."

"But his heart," Kate protested. "You know he has only a few months to live."

Vassall smiled in a grim sort of way. The puzzled frown left his forehead; he seemed to be rather amused about something.

"Oh, that," he said more or less carelessly. "I had forgotten. I hope you won't think me unduly callous, Mrs. Blake; just remind me of this conversation in a week or two's time. And now I must really be getting along. I'll give you your instructions, and then I'll call again to-morrow. And if Garnett needs any money, the matter can easily be arranged."

Kate explained that there was no occasion for anything of the sort. Garnett had quite sufficient

(*Continued on page 398*)

Bargains at Orchid Auctions

(1)

1. An Auction Sale Bargain

This specimen was purchased as a newly imported example at an auction sale for a few shillings, and when it flowered it was found to be worth £20 as a new variety

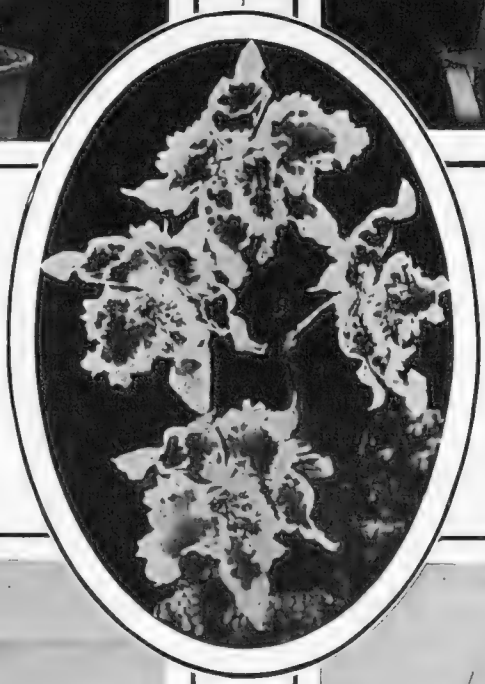
2. Worth in Whiteness

White variety of Cattleya aclandii. This specimen turned up by chance in a collection, and as it is white it would be cheap at £30. If coloured in the ordinary way, it would not be worth more than a few shillings

(2)

3. The Dearest Plant on Earth

Odontoglossum crispum pittianum, sold recently for 1,150 gns. Photographed by permission of Mr. Joseph Seel



(3)

Photos] **4. Fresh Arrivals**

Newly imported orchids as they are received from abroad

5. Chances for Bargain Hunters [*Bastin*

Newly imported specimens like this have sold for as much as 500 gns., although at an auction before their character was known they would sell for *7s. 6d.*

(Continued from page 396)

for his present needs. All that Kate wanted to know now was what she had to do. The day wore on slowly. The patient alternately slept or murmured to himself. He was going over his life in his delirium, but whatever tangle was passing through his mazed brain he always came back again to the topic of the picture. He seemed to be in trouble over it; he seemed to be escaping from Richmond Blake. Again and again he reverted to this, not only that day, but for many days afterwards.

The best part of three weeks elapsed before Vassall proclaimed the fact that his patient was out of danger. He was sleeping peacefully now; his skin was moist and cool once more. No longer did he start and sit up in bed raving over the picture and the trouble and danger it was causing him. The studio was absolutely quiet now. There was nothing to be heard but the patient's regular breathing. The sunlight filtered through the window and fell upon the picture on its easel. It had not been destroyed yet, it was not going to be destroyed now, for Kate had had time to think. She had come, at length, to a fixed decision. The picture must be framed. She had already made arrangements for that. In the course of the next two days it would have to be sent in to the Academy, or it would be too late as far as the present year was concerned. And Kate understood all about these things. She had learnt from her husband. If she had to take her life in her hands over this matter she was quite prepared to do so.

Next day the picture had gone, and before the end of the week it had been despatched to Burlington House. Then one evening, when it was safe to leave Garnett, Kate went out in search of her husband. She knew where she could get news of him; she knew a certain artist who had been a friend of his. She went right away to his studio in St. John's Wood. The great man looked at her a little curiously as she entered. There was a certain suggestion of disapproval in his glance. His manner was not inviting.

"I am sorry to trouble you," she said timidly. "But can you tell me where my husband is to be found?"

The R.A. elevated his eyebrows slightly.

"Then you have not heard?" he asked. "God bless me, this is terrible! I thought everybody knew."

A sense of suffocation held Kate for a moment. She was asking herself if she was free. She was trying to feel shocked and heartbroken, but could not disguise from herself that it was hope which was the dominating emotion.

"Please go on," she said. "I have not seen my husband. Oh, you knew our circumstances. You knew how it was that I dared not stay with him. I knew that he had come back from South America, but I kept out of his way, and lately I have been nursing a friend who has been ill. He is better now, and——"

The R.A. looked as if he understood.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I have heard something of that. But I wonder you didn't see the account of the accident in the papers. There was an inquest afterwards, and Richmond Blake was buried three days ago. Among others, I was at his funeral. It was an accident which caused his death, and yet it was entirely his own fault. He was fencing at a school in Regent Street with Dubosq, who, as you know, is one of the finest swordsmen in London. Your husband always had a great idea of himself as a fencer. Of course, he got considerably the worst of it, and, naturally, he lost his temper. A man who was present told me all about it. He said that Blake behaved like a perfect lunatic. Beyond doubt, if he had been fencing with a foil without a button he would have killed Dubosq. As it was, he fell upon Dubosq's rapier, and snapped off the point. Before anybody could realise what had happened the weapon was through Blake's chest and he died there and then. To a certain extent, he committed suicide. Of course, not much of this came out at the inquest, but I am telling you the real facts of the case. No blame whatever attaches to Dubosq. The man was fighting for his life, and he did no more than defend himself. I am exceedingly sorry to have to tell you all this."

But Kate was not listening. She was free now to act as she pleased. She did not even attempt to disguise her own feelings. It was a merciful intervention on the part of Providence, for which she was deeply and sincerely grateful. And behind it all was the knowledge that she had played the proper part, that even before she knew she was free she had done the right thing by Garnett and his picture. She would always have that knowledge to sustain her. She could go back to Garnett now with a load of care lifted from her mind. She could see him through the rest of his illness. She prayed that he might live long enough to see his vindication and the triumph of his genius.

She would not tell him yet. That should come when he was well enough to hear her news. He had not ventured to speak of the picture, he was far too chivalrous-minded to do that. Late in the afternoon he fell asleep again, and just before the darkness fell Dr. Vassall called in.

"Asleep, is he?" he asked. "Oh, that's all right. Really, there is no occasion for me to come any more. But what has become of the picture?"

A little stain of colour crept into Kate's cheeks.

"It has gone to the Academy," she explained. "I sent it off two days ago, and I am glad I sent before I knew of the fatal accident which had happened to my husband. It is a great comfort to me to know that I had the courage to do the right thing. But why didn't you tell me, Dr. Vassall?"

"Because I didn't know," the doctor explained. "I have been fearfully busy lately, and have had no time to look at the papers. I only heard the story last night. Well, I won't say anything about Blake except that you are well rid of him, and I guessed all about the picture, and I congratulate you heartily upon the way in which you have behaved in the matter. Garnett is going to be a great man now, and I hope he will stick to his art and leave that wretched club of his alone in the future. And, honestly, I think he will now. He will have a reputation to live up to. In his reckless way he is proud enough, and he won't betray the public which, unless I am greatly mistaken, will make an idol of him before long. I take some credit to myself for my diplomacy in the matter."

"But I don't understand," Kate murmured. "He is a dying man. At the most he has only a few weeks to live."

(Continued on page 409)

Where the Sun is Shining

READERS IN ARGENTINA, TRINIDAD, NEW ZEALAND, AND EGYPT

On a Motor Trolley in Argentina

A group at the end of the new extension of the Western Railway of Argentina, 500 miles west of Monte Ninevas, and 1,000 miles from Buenos Ayres. The centre figure on the trolley is Mr. F. Eustace Faithfull, Secretary of the London Board of the Argentine Railway, and standing on the right is Mr. Lertora, the General Manager. Sent by the Earl of Rosslyn, Quinta Vergara, Vino del Mar, Chile

In Trinidad

The sender, Mr. A. W. Hunt, Survey Office, Trinidad, B.W.I., writes: "This photograph was taken in the Government House Gardens, Trinidad. The building in the background is the Governor's residence"

The World's Most Southerly Gas Lamp-post!

Mr. P. Dalrymple, Invercargil, Southland, New Zealand, writes: "This picture is one of myself under the most southerly gas lamp-post in the world, the latitude being 46°36'S., and longitude 168°20'E. It stands beside the railway line running from Invercargil to the Port of Bluff, the first and last place of call of ocean-going boats"

In a Saharan Oasis

A group snapped at El-Maghara, an uninhabited oasis in the Sahara. The nearest habitation is 160 miles distant. Sent by Mr. C. F. Lock, 12, Lower Berkeley Street, Portman Square, W.

Ali on the Cheops Pyramids

Extract from letter with photograph: "For the last few months I have solaced my leisure by reading The Bystander, and yesterday, when accompanying a young gentleman up the Pyramids, I took the last number with me to read on the way. This photo was taken on the very top of the Cheops Pyramid.—Ali-el-Said, guide." The words are, doubtless, those of Ali, but the writing is rather that of a li——, but we refrain

(*Continued from page 398*)

"My dear Mrs. Blake," Vassall smiled, "that man will probably outlive both of us. He has a magnificent constitution; he never lets anything worry him. At the same time, like most artists, he has a vivid imagination, and that imagination, I don't mind telling you, I deliberately played upon. To put it plainly, I lied outrageously to Garnett. I told him that his days were numbered. I told him that he was going to die without fulfilling his career, without doing anything to justify the genius which God had given him. And he took it seriously. He saw exactly what I meant, and because he was going to do one great work before he died, he found in you the very model he was looking for. Oh, it is no use to regard me like that. I am not a bit ashamed for what I have done. And when I tell Garnett, I am sure he will be grateful to me. I shan't come for the next two or three days. He is quite safe in your hands; in fact, he can look after himself now."

Kate did not seem to be conscious that the doctor was holding out his hand, but she realised presently that he was gone. Her task was ended now. There was nothing more for her to stay for. Her patient was fast asleep. She would not wake him for any explanation. Then she sat calmly and deliberately down and wrote a long letter to Garnett, in which she told him everything freely and without reserve. She signed the letter and placed it in an envelope. She left it on the table where Garnett was sure to find it. Then she put on her hat and jacket, and turned and left the studio, closing the door quietly behind her.

. . . . . .

"And so you thought you were going to leave me like that?" Garnett said. "So you thought I was going to be put off by your letter? Now, honestly, did you believe that once you had sat as my model I should never care to see you again? I know now how Vassall fooled me, and from the bottom of my heart I am grateful to him. I have put all the old follies behind me. My picture has made me famous now, Kate. I have more commissions than I can possibly execute, and that is why I am going to leave London and take a place in the country. My pleasure has been spoilt by the fact that I could not find you. For nearly three months I have been looking for you everywhere. Surely you can guess why. When I painted that picture I painted it from my heart. You came into it, and you became part and parcel of my very being. I could not let you go now, Kate. This fame that has come to me, this new prosperity, would be nothing without you. I have been thinking of you night and day, I have not forgotten the noble part you played over that picture, and because I have so much I want so much more. Come, let us get out of this stifling, stuffy London. There are better places than this stifling old studio. Don't you want to breathe the fresh air again?"

And, indeed, it was hot there. Arid and airless, with the sun streaming through the window-panes, and all London outside gasping and perspiring in the August heat.

"Come," Garnett whispered. "There is no reason why we should wait. We could be married quietly to-morrow, and go down at once to the place that I have taken. I am waiting for you to speak; I am waiting to look into your eyes, to see——"

She lifted her head, and Garnett caught her in his arms.

"You don't want to see anything," she whispered, "because, my dear, you know. And I did not go very far away because—well, because I was waiting for you to come and find me." FRED M. WHITE.

Photo *Poole*

Hounds Ready for the Meat!

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT.

Photo *Tate*

The Tynedale Foxhounds on Throckley Fell, going to the Meet at Gallerton Hall. G. Jull, the huntsman, in the foreground

Belvoir and Perfection

If you want to look upon a perfect pack of hounds, you will find them in the Belvoir. For bone, hunting powers, nose, symmetry, and colour, for the ideal combination of all these attributes, you cannot beat the pack owned by the Duke of Rutland. These beautiful hounds are as good as they look, as they have shown many times this season in brilliant hunting runs. Go where you will in the hunting world, you meet the Belvoir blood. Few foxhound kennels are without it, and there is a character and colour about the hounds which cannot be mistaken. If you see the pack at work in the field or enjoy the privilege of a visit to their kennels, you wonder how on earth the officials can tell "t'other from which," such is the extraordinary uniformity of the hounds. What is the secret of the Belvoir's supremacy? Probably the fact that the hounds have been under the control of members of the same family for nearly two centuries. Never from their earliest history have the hounds been disposed of. Succeeding Masters and huntsmen have been actuated by the same motives—the achievement of perfection. The hounds that race today over the Leicestershire pastures and Lincolnshire ploughs represent more than 150 years of patient breeding and careful selection. That, in brief, is the explanation of their success.

Sir Gilbert Greenall, M.F.H.

When the late Duke of Rutland found himself unable to go on hunting the hounds, he was fortunate in securing to succeed him in the Mastership a sportsman so deeply imbued with the best instincts of the chase as Sir Gilbert Greenall, who, with Ben Capell as his huntsman, has unquestionably maintained the high standard of the hounds. Earlier in the month his resignation was threatened. Everyone recognised how severe the loss would be to the pack. Great efforts were at once made to induce him to change his mind, and, as stated in our last issue, Sir Gilbert is going on with the pack for one more season. Nowadays he may not care to emulate the hard-riding performances of men of the Asshetон-Smith type, but he manages to be in the right place for all that, and he mounts his hunt staff beautifully. This much might at least be expected of so fine a judge of horses. Sir Gilbert Greenall's powers of organisation have been observed not only in the management of the Belvoir Hunt, but in valuable work for the Royal Agricultural Society and the International Horse Show at Olympia. Lady Greenall is a fine rider to hounds, and in her husband's absence has cheerfully taken on the duties of Deputy-Master. The same thing has been done in Cheshire by another keen sportswoman, the Duchess of Westminster.

Photo *Bassano*

Lord de Clifford

The names of Lord de Clifford and Mr. Newdigate-Newdegate, of Arbury Hall, are mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the Mastership of the Atherstone Hunt

Photo *Whitlock*

Mr. F. A. Newdigate-Newdegate

The Atherstone Country

The leadership of the North Warwickshire has been filled, the Blackmore Vale have induced Colonel Percy Browne to stay on, and the North Cotswold have a new leader in Mr. C. T. Scott. But still the Atherstone country, one of the

most important of all, is vacant—or it was up to the 11th inst., when these lines were written. There will be no difficulty as to hounds in this Hunt, as the present pack has been purchased by the country from Mr. Munro and the other gentlemen to whom they belonged And a remarkably fine pack it is, brought first of all to a high state of excellence by Mr. Gerald Hardy, and further improved by Mr. Munro. Rumour has, of course, been busy with the question of their future Mastership. Two sportsmen have been mentioned as likely to take the hounds. One is Lord de Clifford, who recently gave up his pack in Ireland, and the other is Mr. F. A. Newdigate-Newdegate, who lives in the country, and has the interests of the Hunt at heart. Either could be counted on to do full justice to the position.

Photo] **Sir Gilbert Greenall** [*Whitlock*

Who has consented to continue in the Mastership of the Belvoir Hounds for another season

Jumping Powder

One day a well-known sportsman, who shoves "screws" no one else could ride along in a fashion little short of marvellous, in a pious endeavour to exhibit their merits with a view to a profit, was talking to a friend in a corner of a field whilst hounds were drawing a covert. The gate that had admitted them led into the wood, and was the sole means of exit. An enormous "rasper" fenced the field, thick, black, impenetrable; yet when our friend caught sight of another rider emerging from the wood by that gate, he glanced quickly at it, and, to the amazement of his companion, suddenly crammed his old horse straight at it for all he was worth. For a moment they seemed to hang in mid-air, then both disappeared, and to the anxious shouts of the petrified inquirers, a muffled voice from the far side replied cheerily that neither man nor horse was hurt. Indeed, in a moment the rider had remounted and was scudding across the wide enclosure beyond for dear life. An hour later, the two friends met again. "What on earth made you suddenly go at that awful place? Why, hounds weren't even tow-rowing in covert, and it was riding for a fall to a certainty," said the first. His friend

Photo *Hodgkinson*

The Belvoir, the most brilliant Pack of Foxhounds in the World

The sportsman standing by the side of the huntsman is Sir George Whichcote, one of the keenest followers

Selling Greyhounds at the Barbican Repository
Where coursing men are always on the look-out for future Waterloo Cup winners

grinned. "No, but I saw So-and-So just coming along," he replied. "Well, what of that?" queried the other, thinking him demented. "I sold him my chestnut last week. Have a cigar?" said the thruster, nonchalantly. And he was understood.

The Event of the Week

The Waterloo Cup is decidedly the sporting event of the present week. Year after year the Blue Riband of coursing arouses great public interest, and its success gives a direct denial to the statement which is occasionally made that this sport is in any way decadent. Coursing has had its dull days, but plenty of the best sportsmen in the land are among its supporters, and really good greyhounds are worth as much money to-day as they were in the days when Colonel North purchased the brilliant Fullerton. The names of great greyhounds like Master McGrath and Fullerton are as familiar to the average sportsman as the names of famous racehorses like Ormonde and St. Simon, and if another Fullerton were to arise to-day he would become no less of a popular hero than the dog that won the Waterloo of 1889 and the three succeeding years.

A Tip for the Waterloo Cup

Mr. Birkbeck's Bachelor's Acre, I am told, has a very fair chance of winning the trophy this week, but the fact that he hails from a kennel lately stricken with distemper does not exactly engender confidence. Mr. Pilkington's Punchestown and Mr. Hulton's Platonic are a dangerous couple, that may pay for following, but from all that I hear I fully expect **Long Span** to repeat the success he gained so splendidly last year. Sir Robert Jardine's nomination has been doing most satisfactorily of late, and will probably be a good favourite on the day of the draw. To those people who look for a "longer shot" than Long Span is likely to afford, I might suggest Mr. O. H. Jones's THERMOMETER, who has been backed at about 25 to 1. The meeting will be held, as usual, over the renowned Altcar country, where Lord and Lady Sefton, both genuine enthusiasts, do all they can to further the interests of the sport. A. W. C.

A Promising Youngster

The great event of the coursing year, the Waterloo Cup, takes place this week over the famous Altcar country

The Art of Advertisement

In a sporting contemporary appears the following attractive advertisement, which should not lack replies:

Ladies' Park Hack and Hunter, an ideal, handsome bay mare, nearly thoroughbred, 16 hands, 6 years, perfectly sound, unblemished, ridden in the Row all last season by an honourable lady. Price 50 guineas.

A horse that comes from an owner with a reputation never hangs long in the market, and this one seems able to claim the halo of reflected glory that marks his former possession by a truly noble mistress. All things considered, this does seem a unique opportunity, and a by no means exorbitant price.

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

Training for the Waterloo Cup: The morning muster

The public interest manifested in the Waterloo Cup gives a direct denial to the statement that the sport of coursing is in any way decadent

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Somehow Good." By William de Morgan. (Heinemann: 6s.)

"Do It Now." By Peter Keary. (Pearson: 1s.)

"A Little Revolution." Anonymous. (Longmans: 6s.)

"Unforegone Conclusions." By Lady Gordon. (Hodder: 6s.)

Mr. Meredith—Ætat 80

The great Victorians are passing, one by one. Therefore is it right that we should unite to honour those that yet remain, whenever the calendar offers a fitting opportunity. February 12 came with the bold reminder that George Meredith is eighty, and alive in the flesh, as well as in the spirit. Linked with that of Thomas Hardy, his name stands for what is grandest in modern English fiction. As his great Victorian predecessors live by their power to make their readers see and feel, so Meredith lives by his power to make them think. May he long live to enjoy the admiration of the profession of which he is so indisputably the head, and of the public which, whether or no it fully understands, immensely respects his genius.

* * *

"Somehow Good"

Mr. de Morgan's new novel, *Somehow Good* (Heinemann: 6*s.*), carries in its title its own criticism. It *is* "somehow good." Here is how:

It opens with an interesting situation, cleverly contrived, which arouses keen curiosity as to its sequel. Algernon Fenwick, rich from Klondyke, while awaiting some remittances at his London bank, takes a ride on the Twopenny Tube, gets electrocuted, but not mortally—merely loses his memory. Is taken care of (penniless) by a young lady he has met in the train, who has, inadvertently, been the cause of the accident. She is the daughter of a woman who, eighteen years ago, had been deserted by her husband. On Fenwick being brought to her house, she instantly recognises him. She decides to try to win back his love, and after a while succeeds. In due course, they—though already man and wife—marry again. Then Fenwick's memory begins to revive. His reason for leaving her originally had been that he suspected her, wrongly, of infidelity. His wife's new fear is that, on recovering his memory, he will again throw her over. But whether he does or no is Mr. de Morgan's to reveal, not mine to "give away."

* * *

An Author to Be Loved or Loathed

The only question to me is whether the reader will prove equal to the task of following the author unto this last. Obviously, Mr. de Morgan is to be loved or loathed. His style, appertaining as it does to the mid-Victorian, is discursive, intimate, roundly facetious, leisurely, and will either be regarded as very fascinating or very dull. It depends upon for which you like your yarn—for its matter or its manner. I subscribe myself for the former, as one of those who dislike the intrusion of personality and style into the art of narration, preferring that action and dialogue should create their own effect unaided by the verbal embroideries of the narrator. Others think otherwise, obviously, or there would be no vogue to-day for the work of the mid-Victorians, in whom were all Mr. de Morgan's mannerisms, and more also. Mr. de Morgan's method is exemplified in his treatment of the heroine, Sally. No newly-loved youth was ever so enthusiastic over mortal maiden as is Mr. de Morgan over Sally. He loves Sally, and he's bothered if he'll let us pass without we love her too. So it is Sally this and Sally that until we either laughingly join in and agree that she is "essential juice of pineapple," or throw her across the room as a tiresome hussy. Whatever else there is to be said about *Somehow Good*, it is unquestionably so individual a work as to arouse very definite feelings.

* * *

"Do It Now"!

A year ago, Mr. Peter Keary was going about the country (*viâ* the bookstalls) telling us all to "Get On or Get Out." The country yawned, and, saying it would be happy to do either, proceeded to do neither. Having secured this result, which, no doubt, he fully anticipated, Mr. Keary is up and about with the command, "Do It Now." In twelve months time it will, I hope, be my pleasure to record a similarly negative result. For it is really too awful to contemplate what would happen if we all suddenly, in a sort of Pentecostal frenzy, began to obey him. The Socialists, for instance, and the Suffragettes. What would *they* do if they did it now? So far as concerns individuals, surely if "Do It Now" is going to stimulate Smith, the good and the wise man, to some noble effort, it is also going to stimulate Brown, who is bad and foolish, to some ignoble one. If Mr. Keary thinks the wise are in the majority, he is safe in shouting "Do It Now." But Carlyle, in whom I am sure Mr. Keary believes, didn't seem to think so. In fact, assuming England's population to be "mostly fools," "Do it Now" is the most fatal command to issue. The Scotsman says, "Bide a wee," and, as I daresay Mr. Keary knows, Scotsmen are not infrequently quite moderately successful in some of the departments of commerce. The book is published by Pearsons (1*s.*), and is highly entertaining and most improving—despite its title.

* * *

A Little Revolution (Longmans: 6*s.*) is the latest volume by the anonymous author of "A Discrepant World." It deals with politics and personalities in the troublous little imaginary nation of Campania. There is an Italian *prima donna* in the plot who causes much havoc, attracting attentions from rivals ranging in importance from the King and Cabinet downwards. The chief attraction of the book is not so much the story, which is pleasing enough, as the amusing satirical backhanded allusions to present British politics.

V. C.

Dickens As He Was Drawn

SOME LITTLE-KNOWN PORTRAITS IN THE NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

Bust by H. Dexter. (America, 1842)

From "L'Eclipse" (Paris, 1868). By Andre Gill. Charles Dickens striding from London to Paris

A Rare American Engraving by H. P. Hall, Adapted from a Portrait by Watkins. (Circa 1860)

Caricature from the "Period" (1869)

Charles Dickens and his Characters. C. Gray (1870)

Drawn by Wadeley from a Song. Boz in A-merry-key (1842)

Charles Dickens in his Study, Tavistock House (1852). By E. M. Ward, R.A.

One of the most interesting of the contents of the new National Dickens Library at the Guildhall is the collection of Dickens portraits, showing the master in various poses, and at various periods of life. This collection, including a number of first editions of Dickens' most famous works, and many original drawings by Cruikshank, Leslie Ward, and others, has been presented to the City Corporation by the Dickens Fellowship

Golf Notes and Notions

An Irish Grievance

The heading of my article will have a familiar sound to the brutal Saxon reader, and he may be inclined to stop reading, with the exclamation, "Oh, here is another Irish worry; what a bore!" But if he will exercise patience I think he will find that there is really something in this Irish question which demands adjustment. The Irish grievance is an old story, which dates from the time when a delegation from the distressful country came to St. Andrews some years ago for the purpose of pushing Ireland's claim to have one of her greens included in the rota of the Amateur Championship. The Irish delegates were not admitted to the sacred council chamber where the Amateur Championship delegates were discussing business connected with that event. The Amateur Championship delegates were, no doubt, perfectly right in their contention that they had no power to deal with the Irish delegation, but their manner of intimating this to the "bhoys" from Ireland did not err on the side of courtesy. The Irish delegates, therefore, retired without having seen any of the sacred officials, and, naturally, felt aggrieved, as they expected, after their long journey and in view of their official status, that they might have been more ceremoniously treated. Since then the matter has remained in abeyance until the renewed question of an extra green for both Championships once more came to the front, coupled with the admission of an American representative to the Rules of Golf Committee.

Photo *Hamilton*

The Richest Man as Golfer

Mr. John D. Rockefeller finds golf a pleasant diversion from the worries consequent on being the Standard Oil King and the richest man in the world

A Fresh Move

The Irishmen are, therefore, again moving, and I understand that, warned by their previous experience, they are now advancing cautiously and correctly in procedure by addressing their request to the twenty-four clubs governing the Amateur Championship. So far as concerns the Rules of Golf Committee, they need only approach the Royal and Ancient Club, from among whose members alone that body can be selected. If the Irishmen have among their number a member of the premier club who could adequately represent them, I see no reason whatever why he should not, in accordance with the American precedent, be added to the Rules Committee. The more representative that Committee becomes the better for golf in the first place, and for the Royal and Ancient Club in the second. That proposition, I think, admits of no doubt. It may, of course, be urged that Irish golf has not suffered by having no representative at headquarters, whereas there was danger of schism if America were not given some voice in the councils of golf. But this is a short-sighted argument, which, carried to its logical conclusion, would mean that loyalty is not rewarded, and would put a premium on mischief and rebellion. If we desire St. Andrews to retain control of golf we must wish anything that would strengthen her authority. A widely representative Rules of Golf Committee, such as it was intended to be by its founders, but which it has hitherto by no means been, is, to my mind, by far the best method of strengthening and maintaining the authority of the Royal and Ancient Club.

The Crux of the Question

The further question whether an Irish green should be added to the Championship rota is a difficult matter on which to give an opinion. It may be at once admitted that there are several Irish courses quite worthy of Championship honours. Unfortunately, I am unable personally to pronounce on this point, as I have never had the pleasure of sampling any of the Irish greens. When I visited Ireland more than twenty-five years ago, I do not think that golf had yet penetrated into the Emerald Isle. Since then, like the Americans, the Irishmen have not let the grass grow under their feet, and courses abound everywhere. The crux of the question lies in the melancholy dividing ocean. Can the Irish delegates persuade either of the Championship bodies to face the horrors of the sea passage? On that depends their chance of success. In view of the reluctance of the professionals to go even so far afield as Westward Ho, and of the amateurs to increase their greens beyond the six to which the addition of Westward Ho or Deal would bring them up, it will need the utmost persuasive powers of the Irishmen to achieve success. ERNEST LEHMANN.

The Molesey Hurst Golf Club

The Molesey Hurst Golf Club, recently started at Hampton Court and East Molesey, is now making an announcement which will be of interest to those who are looking out for a course near London situated in an interesting district. The Committee has decided that new members joining before May 1 can do so on payment of part subscription, namely, 1½ guineas, and without entrance fee. After May 1 an entrance fee of 2 guineas will be imposed. The course is situated a few minutes' walk from Hampton Court Station, and it is now equipped with a convenient clubhouse, where luncheons can be obtained. Two Challenge Cups have just been presented to the Club, one by the Lord of the Manor for medal play, and one by Sir Thomas Dewar for match play.

IN THE RESTAURANT:

THEATRE DINNER **5/-** OPERA SUPPER.

3/- LAW COURTS LUNCHEON. | THEATRE SUPPER **4/-**

The Most Talented Orchestra in London.

The Gaiety RESTAURANT

STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Old English Grill Room:

2/- RARE OLD ENGLISH FARE. LUNCHEON. SUPPER **2/6**

BALLS, BANQUETS, and CONCERTS.

Telephones: Central 6606 and 6607. C. C. NOBILE, Manager.

GOOD TAILORING AT MODERATE PRICES

A Special Feature of our business is the Personal Attention of the Principal to customers' requirements. We give Correct Style combined with Ease and Comfort.

LOUNGE SUIT
From £3 3s. Nett Cash.

	FROM
OVERCOAT	63/-
MORNING COAT and VEST ..	57/6
DRESS SUIT.. ..	100/-

We are showing some very Smart Lounge Suitings in Fancy Cashmere and Saxony—for wear during the coming Season. An inspection is cordially invited. No importunity to purchase will be offered.

"For the last 14 years I have been supplied with all my civilian clothes by Messrs. Cubitt & Co., and I recommend anyone to try them if in doubt about getting the correct style at a reasonable price.
H. G. ROBLEY, Maj.-Gen."

B. Cubitt & Co

TAILORS & BREECHES MAKERS

Established 1860

FIRST FLOOR 223, Oxford St. London, W.

W.E.S. (Close to Oxford Circus Tube Station.)

The Music Question

THE trend of musical progress during the last few years has been to make piano playing so easy that everyone could participate in the delights of rendering all the music that appealed to them. To do this it was necessary to find a means of dispensing with all the laboriously and tediously acquired finger-work, and yet leave the higher elements of pianoforte playing completely at the control of the performer.

This problem has been thoroughly solved by the Pianola Piano, and the music question, as it affects you, is whether it is worth your while to abstain any longer from the privileges which modern inventive genius has conferred upon you, or to secure a Pianola Piano and play any kind of music whenever you feel so inclined.

There is only one Pianola Piano, and full particulars of it and its exclusive devices, the Metrostyle and Themodist, will be sent on application for Catalogue "B."

The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

CRICKET

Where Are the Ashes?

It was quite natural that, after the conclusion of the fourth Test Match, the time-honoured metaphor about the ashes of English cricket should be revived. But I must confess that the sport of following these ashes in the course of their peregrinations is beginning to pall upon me; and I think that many others must be beginning to feel as tired as I am. In the words of Hans Breitmann, "Where are those ashes now?" Frankly, I don't know, and equally frankly, I don't care. The English team, which has lost the rubber in a series of matches against Australia, went out there as "The M. C. C." The papers would have it that they were "England," and probably they were, in so far as they were the best team of English cricketers that the M.C.C. was able to raise at the time. And, moreover, they went out with the avowed object of playing a series of Test Matches against all Australia. Therefore, I am fully prepared to admit that Australia has beaten England, especially as I am quite sure that if things had gone the other way we should all have shouted that England had beaten Australia. Still, it may be said that this team went out avowedly as an M.C.C. team—not as England—and that therefore England has not lost the ashes, and the only answer to that is that Test Matches are meaningless when one side represents a country and the other only a club, and that if the M.C.C. meant to remain the M.C.C. it ought not to have challenged Australia. Finally on the top of all this comes the contention that Test Match cricket is not cricket at all, because no limit is set upon the duration of a match. The answer to the question—Where are the ashes?—depends, then, solely upon the point of view of the person to whom it is put. But, personally, I think the best answer to be "ask another."

FOOTBALL

Oxford Easily Wins the Soccer Match

At Queen's Club last Saturday the weather was a little too bad, and the sides a little too unevenly matched for the play to be really interesting; the only real excitement came towards the end, when Cambridge made their last despairing effort to recover from an almost hopeless position. It reminded one forcibly of the similar spurt made by Macleod and his men in the Rugger match last December, after Oxford had virtually won the day, and it was similarly unavailing. The general opinion before the match was that the Oxford half-backs would dominate the situation, and this turned out to be correct, while the two Oxford backs did better than was anticipated. Cambridge have been unlucky all through the season, and their ill-luck clung to them right to the end, for in addition to having two of their best forwards, Cornelius and Hoffmeister, "crocked," Powell was compelled almost at the last moment by illness to relinquish his place at half-back, while during the game itself P. H. Farnfield, the best half-back on the side, was partially disabled. The lack of a dependable centre-forward, too, necessitated the transference quite recently of H. G. Yates from his accustomed position at outside left to centre, so that Cambridge's forward line on Saturday was almost an experimental one. It was not a success, for Hunt was able to look after Yates, and the wind and rain did the rest. The Oxford forwards on the other hand were more at home in their places and with each other, though their combination suffered, too, to some extent owing to the conditions. But playing in front of winning halves they got plenty of chances and, as the score shows, utilised them fairly well. Oxford's victory by 4 goals to 1 makes the number of wins scored by the two 'Varsities in this match exactly level. Each has won fourteen times.

Two Rugby Records Upset

The show Rugger match of the week in Town was Harlequins *v.* United Services at Wandsworth. The Harlequins had not been beaten on their own ground this season, and were naturally very keen to maintain this record, as well as to avenge their defeat by the Services (who likewise have an unbeaten "ground" record) at Portsmouth earlier in the season. But their best team was not available, and a three-quarter, who was expected, did not turn up, with the result that an emergency man had to be fished out from among the crowd. The Services on the other hand had nearly their full strength, and played with such smartness and energy, that the Harlequins were practically outclassed, and beaten by 6 tries to 1. Another noteworthy result was the loss by Guy's Hospital of their unbeaten record at Plymouth, where the home side won by 2 goals (one penalty) and a try to a goal. Oxford, variable as ever, went to Northampton, and took a beating. At the end of the season they will have a curiously bad record for such a really fine side.

The Coursing Season

Reproduced above is a black and white reduction of a splendid coursing picture which all readers interested in the sport should not fail to obtain for billiard or smoke room decoration. Beautifully reproduced in colours and framed in dark oak, this picture is obtainable from the Graphic Fine Art Gallery, 190, Strand, W.C., for 5*s.* 6*d.* Fuller particulars are given on page iii of this week's cover

WALDORF HOTEL

ALDWYCH, STRAND.

THE NEW NOTE IN HOTELS;

LUXURY and COMFORT

AT

ECONOMIC PRICES.

	s.	d.
BREAKFAST from	2	0
GRILL ROOM LUNCH ...	2	6
SUPPER AFTER THE THEATRE	4	0
TABLE D'HOTE DINNER ...	5	0

Restaurant à la Carte.

	s.	d.
BEDROOMS from	4	6
BEDROOMS, WITH BATH-ROOM, from	6	6
RESIDENTIAL SUITES from	21	0

All Charges inclusive of Light and Attendance.

MAGNIFICENT PALM COURT;

Afternoon Tea, 1/-,

Bucalossi's Orchestra,

Telephone: No. 140 GERRARD.
Telegraphic Address: "WALDORFIUS, LONDON."

GEORGE C. SCHMIEDER, General Manager.

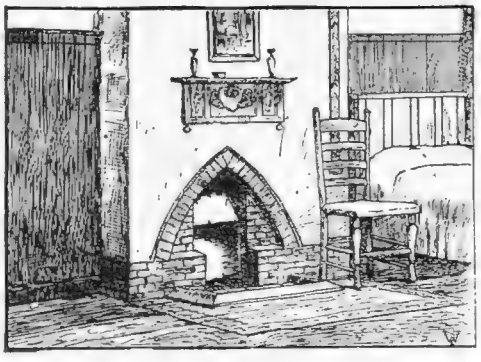
CAMBUS

Famed for 50 years as a Patent Still (not a Pot Still) Scotch Whisky and recommended by the highest Medical Authorities as free from excess of objectionable impurities and containing those essentials of quality which make

CAMBUS

An Ideal Beverage

The Distillers Co., Ltd., Edinburgh.



THE

"GIPSY" FIRE

"Gives the greatest satisfaction, burning less coal, causing less dust, giving less trouble, and warming the room thoroughly."

JOSHUA W. TAYLOR, Ltd.,

Works and Show Room: BRADFORD STREET, BOLTON.
London Office and Show Room: 135, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. LXII.: Major F. Lindsay Lloyd, R.E.

Few of the early members of the Royal Automobile Club have played a more prominent part in the automobile arena than Major Lindsay Lloyd, the subject of this week's Car-icature. In both branches of the sport—marine and terrestrial—the gallant officer has given signal proofs of his keen interest in all that makes for enlightened progress, while in the direction of Army service and commercial utility the name of Lindsay Lloyd has long carried the weight of an authority derived from a lengthy experience and the most careful study of detail. A member of the Elastes Tyre Company he is also a prominent figure on committees of the R.A.C. and the Marine Motor Association, the Major did much valuable work in connection with the organisation of such important educational functions as the Gordon Bennett Trials, the Tourist Trophy Races, and the International events for motor-boats. In other branches of sport, such as shooting, fishing, golf, and yachting, our subject manifests equal enthusiasm, and has fairly earned for himself the soubriquet of "the all-round man" by which he is known among his many friends at 119, Piccadilly. D. M.

* * *

Car-icature — No. LXII.: Major F. Lindsay Lloyd, R.E.

One of the earliest members of the R.A.C., he has done much to further the cause of motoring, both land and marine. He is a member of the Committee of the R.A.C. and the Marine Motor Association, and has been one of the chief organisers of the Gordon Bennett Trials and the Tourist Trophy Races, and is also connected with the well-known Elastes Trye Company

By Alick P. F. Ritchie

Last Wednesday the intrepid motorists who are going to attempt to drive from New York to Paris, *viâ* San Francisco, Behring Straits, Irkutsk, and Moscow, started forth amid the acclamations of the New Yorkers in their assembled thousands. The cars competing are a De Dion, Motobloc, Sizaire-Naudin, Protos, Züst, and Thomas. The first three are French cars, the Protos is German driven by three officers, the Züst Italian, and the Thomas an American car. The attempt is an ambitious one.

* * *

Motor-cars can surmount most difficulties, as witness the remarkable achievement of Prince Borghese, M. Godard (who is driving the Motobloc), and others in the Pekin-Paris race. But, according to Mr. Harry de Windt, the course of the New York-Paris race will prove impossible to motors. Alaska is covered with precipitous mountains, dense virgin forests, and no roads; the Behring Straits consist of rugged icebergs with gaping water spaces between, while from the Arctic Ocean to Yakutsk the country consists of numerous morasses and swamps, which are only passable in the winter months. In the Spring, the adventurers, if they survive the earlier dangers, will find themselves in Siberia face to face with huge inland seas, which are the result of the melting snows. There is only one pass across the Verkoyansk Mountains, and this pass consists of an almost perpendicular ice-slope. Against this sort of thing the Pekin-Paris race, in spite of the Gobi Desert, would seem like child's play. However, the motor-cars in question are being driven by acute persons who doubtless appreciate the value of the advertisement they have already received, and will know when to turn back if things turn out as black as Mr. de Windt suggests. The *Matin*, too, has obtained another splendid advertisement, and this paper's manager, whoever he be, is a genius. It is an extraordinary thing that the two motor races which have captured public imagination everywhere, and obtained by far the best advertisement for the competitors, have been got up, not by the motor world, but by a Paris newspaper.

* * *

It would be a good thing if a British newspaper arranged races over here, races, I mean, which would show some imagination on the part of the originators. As it is, competitions and races in England under the ægis of the Royal Automobile Club are dreary, formal affairs, making the onlooker yawn with boredom. A chance is at hand for any paper anxious to distinguish itself. The regulations for the 1908 Touring Car Trials are drawn up with a view towards encouraging the large car, but the public would very much like to see and know more about the "voiturette" type of vehicle, as to which there is no conclusive data to go upon. If there were a touring competition got up by a paper (or some private individual) consisting of a tour through England and Scotland for "voiturettes," testing them thoroughly upon steep hills, and ending with a speed trial, it should give a great fillip to the sales of these cars. As it is, the B.P. have a suspicion that a small car with a one or two-cylinder engine is little more than a toy. Well, if any Doubting Thomas were to go for a trial run on a single cylinder Sizaire-Naudin, a single cylinder Adams, or a twin-cylinder Riley, to take three makes

If you saw

the Metallurgique chassis you would readily understand its unapproachable reputation.

If you tried

the Metallurgique, it would reveal a style of running hitherto unknown.

METALLURGIQUE CARS.

1908 MODELS.

12 h.p.	Chassis	with	tyres	£275
18 h.p.	,,	,,	,,	£380
26 h.p.	,,	,,	,,	£525
32 h.p.	,,	,,	,,	£575
40-50 h.p.	,,	,,	,,	£750

Sole Concessionnaires:

WARWICK WRIGHT, LTD.,

110, High Street, Marylebone, London, W.

Telegrams: "Lurgique, London." Telephone: 8574 Gerrard.

KEMPSHALL

"THE REAL NON-SKID TYRE."

PRINCES CHAMBERS,
CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

DEAR SIRS,

I have recently had two of your tyres fitted to my car, and should like to express my satisfaction to you as regards their non-skidding qualities.

I have tested them on greasy wood pavement and granite sets, and was amazed to find the car neither slipped sidewards nor forwards when I applied the foot brake hard on. With plain tyres I used before I never dare use the foot brake, which is rather severe, and I drive now with absolute confidence, having proved that it is impossible to make the car skid at all.

I certainly would not have believed that rubber tyres would hold the ground so well, and I consider them far superior to any metal studded tyres I have driven.

Yours faithfully,
[*Signed*] F. WILSON BOND.

NO METAL STUDS! ABSOLUTELY BRITISH!

Send for Details to—

THE KEMPSHALL TYRE CO., OF EUROPE, LTD.,
1, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue,
LONDON, W.

HUTCHINSON TYRES

WEAR
LONGEST.

RELIABLE. FAST RUNNING.
LONG WEARING.

Send for Full Particulars to

13, MADDOX STREET, LONDON, W.

"LUNTIN" Mixture.

FIRST IN ALL TRIALS

2 oz PKTS 1/- ¼lb TINS 2/-

Smokers unable to obtain "LUNTIN" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending SIX penny stamps to the Sole Manufacturers—

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

Contrasts in Fire-fighters: An engine of 1758 and that of 1908

In front is a manual fire engine nearly one hundred and fifty years old, and behind is the latest production in fire-fighting appliances, the most powerful self-propelled steam fire engine in the world, which has just been built by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons for the Shanghai Fire Brigade. It has the enormous pumping capacity of 800 gallons per minute, and its speed on the level is twenty to thirty miles an hour, whilst hills with gradients as steep as one in six can readily be negotiated

at haphazard, his views on speed, control, and general reliability would quickly undergo a change.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

H.M. War Department have favoured Messrs. Sidney Straker and Squire with an order for two 12-14 h.-p. Shamrock cars. Our readers will doubtless remember that this car caused a sensation at Olympia and Dublin for its excellent construction and moderate price.

I see that Messrs. Warwick Wright, the well-known concessionnaires of the Minerva cars, have been appointed sole agents in this country for that excellent Belgian motor, the Metallurgique, for Mr. Oscar Cupper, who handled these cars during 1906 and 1907, has joined the Board of the Company as Joint Manager. Every success to the firm in their new departure.

I am glad to see the Swift, an all-British car, gained the first substantial success of the year at the Reliability Trials held by the South Indian Motor Union. The car was an 18-24 h.-p. four-cylinder, and was purchased only a few days before the trials by Major G. C. Glynn, Military Secretary to the Governor of Madras. The Major drove the car himself, made a non-stop run throughout, and secured cups for being first in his class in all divisions of the test, viz., reliability, hill climbing, and speed.

We publish the following extract from a letter received from the Press Secretary of Olympia, regarding the lack of ventilation during the Motor Show. He says: "The motor exhibitors effectually stop up all ventilation from the foundations by almost entirely covering the floor with platforms, and, in addition, they burn enough electric light to illuminate a small city. Let the exhibitors remember that they spend more than £1 a minute for light, and they will then realise the enormous heat that is given off. No one, for a moment, wants to see this picturesque side of the exhibition disappear, but it is unfair to blame Olympia for the consequences.—W. D. NIXON (Press Manager of Olympia)."

The Kempshall Tyre, which is but recently introduced into England, is doing extremely well, and at their stand at the Manchester Motor Show I understand a good deal of business resulted. This tyre is being found to be very durable, and gives perfect immunity from side-slips. The Kempshall Tyre Company's office is at Trafalgar Buildings.

A Little Giant

A remarkable performance was accomplished by this 9 h.-p. Sizaire-Naudin car during the Manchester Show, when it scaled the steepest hill round Manchester—Junction Street—no less than four consecutive times with four passengers up, one of whom scaled over fourteen stone. Despite the gruelling, the car showed no signs of faltering while tackling the hill. The heat of the water was quite normal at the conclusion of the test

BROOKLANDS

WORLD'S RECORD

FOR

50 MILES

MADE ON

CONTINENTAL TYRES

Mr. Charles Jarrott

Created a new record on February 5, covering 50 miles in 36 mins. 5 secs. on his 120 h.p. Lorraine de Dietrich racing car.

'Allenburys' The DIET

A complete milk and farinaceous food, easy of digestion, most agreeable to take, simply and quickly made.

This DIET is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc., and is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics, Invalids, and the Aged. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

The "Allenburys" DIET may be taken with advantage, on going to bed, in the place of stimulants. Being easily digested it promotes tranquil and refreshing sleep.

For those who cannot readily digest milk the "Allenburys" DIET is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS, and is quite distinct from the well-known

"Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

In Tins at 1/6 and 3/- each of Chemists, &c.

A large sample posted on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, London.

Finish

is one of the speaking points of

EVERITT'S

PATENT TROUSERS PRESS AND STRETCHER.

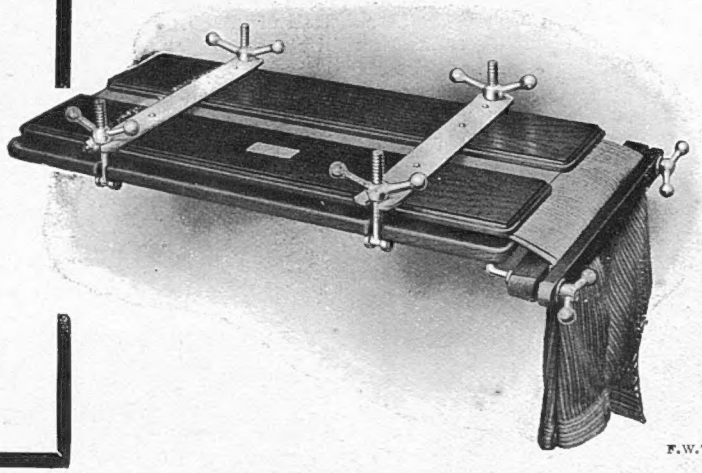
A PLEASED BUYER WRITES:— 13/1/08.

"I have to-day received the Patent Trousers Press and Stretcher, and am very pleased with it. It is remarkably well got up."

ASK YOUR TAILOR, or write for booklet to—

EVERITT PRESS MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. "E"), 17, Laurence Pountney Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

AND P.O. BOX 93 CAPETOWN.



F.W.T.

RD SMITH & CO Ltd.

NURSERYMEN AND SEED MERCHANTS. WORCESTER.

FRUIT

80 Acres of Saleable Trees.

ROSES

Hundreds of Thousands. Open-Ground or Pot.

SHRUBS & TREES

(91 Acres) in immense variety. A superb collection of Herbaceous Plants. Four Acres of Glass. Clematis and other climbers in pots.

SEEDS & BULBS

The best procurable. *Lists Free.*

LARGE GENERAL CATALOGUE of Nursery Stock, profusely illustrated and full of valuable information, free on receipt of **3d.**

Please mention this paper.

RICHARD SMITH & CO., Ltd., WORCESTER.

NO KNOWLEDGE of SKETCHING or PAINTING NECESSARY

"Alstona" Painting

(improved CRYSTOLEUM painting)

WRITE FOR SPECIAL

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

describing this Refined and Entrancing Hobby, and telling how Beautiful Coloured Pictures can be produced from Photographs.

SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

COMPLETE **OUTFIT, 7/6**

Book of Instructions, 1/-

Dept. I, THE ALSTON GALLERY 52 NEW BOND ST. LONDON W.

Box Edging for Beds

The edging which now finds most favour for beds is one of rough stones covered with trailing plants, but there can be no doubt that well-kept box is extremely effective, a little formal perhaps, yet giving a character of its own to many an old-fashioned garden. The common objection to it is that it harbours slugs and snails. To some extent it may do so, but the fact carries its own compensation. For if slugs and snails do hide there, they may be found and destroyed without much difficulty, and their numbers reduced to an extent which would be impossible if they were scattered all over the garden. April is the best month for lifting and replanting box edging which has become untidy, but as that is the busiest time of the year, the task is often left undone. There is less pressure now, and if the weather is mild it may be done at once. The roots should be shortened if they are long and old, and they should be laid on the path side. If they are on the border or bed side they will starve the other plants near them, and the box, in this richer soil, will grow too strongly. For the same reason, after planting, the ground should be stamped down hard. If mat'ng or litter is available it might be laid over the box, but this is rarely necessary except in the case of very severe and prolonged frost.

The Interest of Cuttings

In the greenhouse the propagation of geraniums, fuchsias, and many other plants by means of cuttings is now in progress. It is interesting work, and, in the case of hard-wooded plants, may be closely watched if the cuttings are placed in a glass of water instead of in soil. It will then be seen that the callus formed by the issuing sap, instead of becoming a hard protective covering over the wound as it would do if exposed to the air, is a soft and spongy mass, which keeps on growing until at length several processes start away from it, these being rudimentary roots. They are at first so brittle that they are very liable to be broken, and this is why cuttings should always be inserted firmly in the soil. Soft-wooded cuttings like geraniums cannot be rooted in water, because the moisture causes them to decay before they have time to make roots. As every gardener knows, even damp soil often produces the same effect, and though dryness is fatal, the amount of moisture should be reduced as much as possible. It is advisable not to insert geraniums immediately after they are taken from the plants, but to lay them on a shelf to dry for twenty-four hours. Although cuttings of many kinds will root in the open ground, it is always an advantage to shelter them from both sunlight and air. In the case of a plant, these two stimuli—sunlight and air—cause it to elaborate sap out of the liquid supplied to the leaves by the roots, the water and carbonic acid which result from the process being given off. Under the same influences the same thing happens in a cutting, but as there are no roots to keep up the supply of moisture, the leaves must collapse.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

An Attractive Catalogue

The seed catalogue just issued by Messrs. Alex. Dickson and Sons, Ltd., of Belfast, contains many attractive features. Gardeners in search of vegetable novelties should try Quite Content, a pea of extraordinary size. Crimson Queen is an excellent new beet, and Standwell a new spinach which is slow to run to seed. Among flowering plants, seeds are offered of that fine half-hardy perennial, Rehwannia angulata, and also of several new primulas, and of a single beautiful poppy, Admiral Poppy. A list of the best early flowering chrysanthemums is useful, and rooted cuttings, to be delivered in April or May, are cheap.

Miss Eileen Russell, the well-known Irish singer, is giving a recital of Irish Folk Song at the Æolian Hall on February 27. She will be assisted by Mr. Warren Wynne and Mr. Robert Hough.

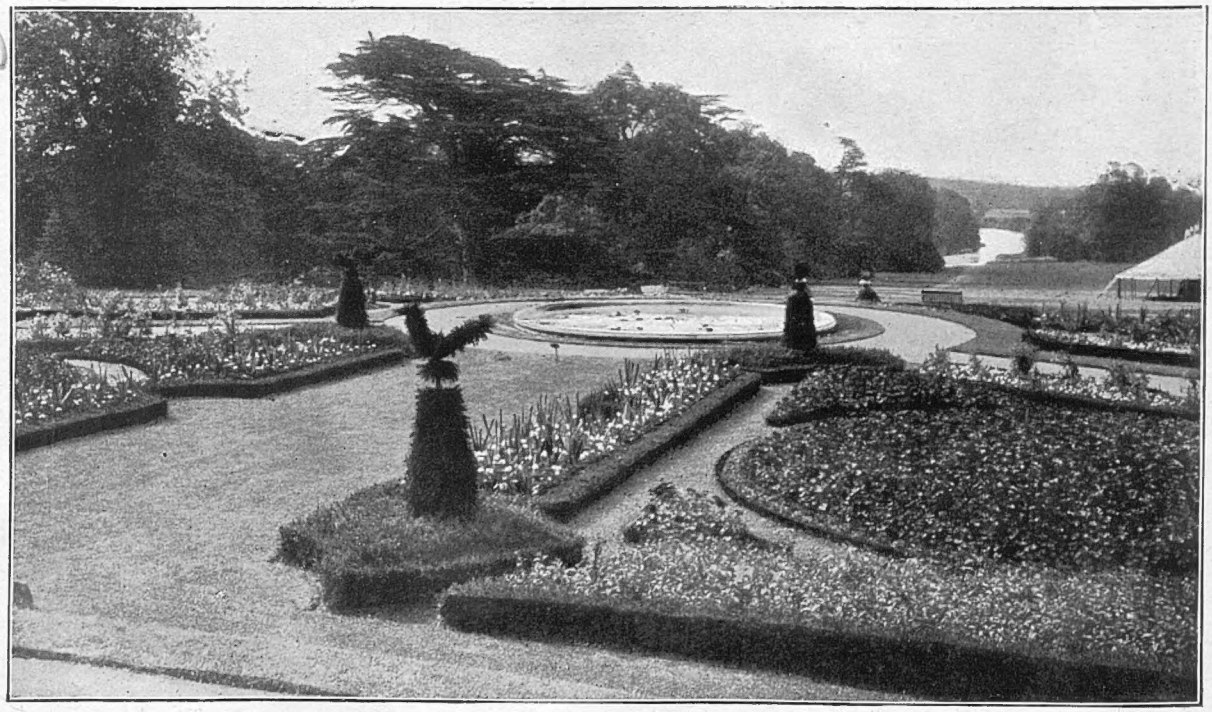
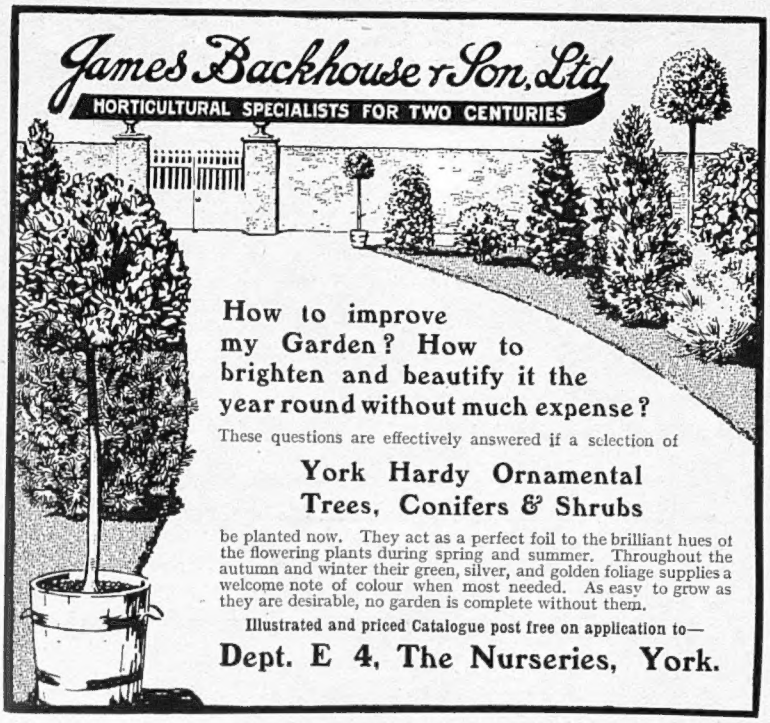


Photo *Reid*

Some Picturesque Box-edged Beds in the Grounds of Warwick Castle

James Backhouse & Son, Ltd.

HORTICULTURAL SPECIALISTS FOR TWO CENTURIES



How to improve my Garden? How to brighten and beautify it the year round without much expense?

These questions are effectively answered if a selection of

York Hardy Ornamental Trees, Conifers & Shrubs

be planted now. They act as a perfect foil to the brilliant hues of the flowering plants during spring and summer. Throughout the autumn and winter their green, silver, and golden foliage supplies a welcome note of colour when most needed. As easy to grow as they are desirable, no garden is complete without them.

Illustrated and priced Catalogue post free on application to—

Dept. E 4, The Nurseries, York.

ECKFORD'S GIANT SWEET PEAS

Genuine only-Direct from Wem

SWEET PEAS.

When growing Sweet Peas grow only the best. A superb display occupies no more space, takes no more time to cultivate, neither does it cost any more than a poor show. To obtain the very best, send direct to Eckford for your seeds; **but remember they are only genuine when obtained direct from Wem.**

1908 NOVELTIES.

Write for catalogue giving full particulars of the novelties for this season; it also contains some very special offers.

SPECIAL NOVELTY OFFER.

One packet each of the 8 Grand 1908 Novelties for **7s. 6d.**, post free; half packet of each, **4s.**, post free for cash with order.

Villa (B) Collection.	Villa (C) Collection.
24 splendid varieties, suitable for exhibition, 50 seeds of each - 5/6	12 splendid varieties, suitable for exhibition, 50 seeds of each - 2/9

A Booklet, giving full particulars on the Culture of Sweet Peas, given with every order.

FREE. Send a post card for Coloured Illustrated and full descriptive Catalogue. It is sent post free. Write to-day.

Eckford's Culinary Peas also lead.

HENRY ECKFORD, F.R.H.S.,

THE SWEET PEA SPECIALIST,

WEM, Shropshire.

READ THE "DAILY GRAPHIC"

ACKERMAN-LAURANCE

"Dry-Royal"

ONE OF THE CHOICEST

Sparkling Wines of France

Obtainable everywhere. **48/-** per dozen.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

2½ PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on Deposit Accounts.

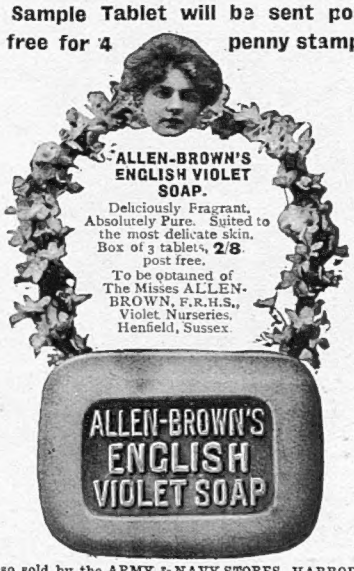
2 PER CENT. INTEREST

on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All general Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE. C. F. RAVENSCROFT, *Secretary.*

A Sample Tablet will be sent post free for 4 penny stamps



Also sold by the ARMY & NAVY STORES, HARROD'S STORES and KENDAL, MILNE & CO., MANCHESTER.

OFFICIALLY APPOINTED by the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB as a MOTOR SCHOOL.

—※—

MOTOR SCHOOLS

LIMITED,

HEDDON ST. REGENT ST., W.

are now holding a

£1 1 0 series of Practical Lessons in Motoring for Ladies and Gentlemen every afternoon at 2.30. A different part of the car taught each day.

Call or write for Prospectus.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

There is a distinct feeling of depression in the air, not wholly attributable to the sad Portugal tragedy, although the Court mourning has, of course, deflected a number of modistic surprises out of the line of vision for the time being. Lent, too, is drawing on apace, a period, nowadays, made the excuse for more Bridge-playing and *intime* dinners, while on every side there has to be faced decreasing incomes, and the threatened increased taxation.

The theatre seems for the moment the most profitable ground for modistes and milliners, a series of unprofitable productions demanding relays of fresh chiffons.

Dress at the Garrick Theatre

In view of the First Empire phase through which we are passing, the gowns worn in *The Woman of Kronstadt* at the Garrick are particularly illuminative. At this date it would bore me as much to write as you to read a detailed account of these creations, all of which, be it said, emanated from the versatile brain of Mr. Poynter Redfern. But we may dwell with interest on certain points of these gowns, such as the attention and decorative effects accorded the *arrière* aspect. One of the most beautiful gowns in point of line and detail is worn by Miss Ethel Matthews in the first Act, of delicate silver-grey satin *météore*, which is draped, *en Princesse*, very closely round the figure, the folds, after meeting at the back, well above the recognised waist-line, parting again over a pleated under-dress of the same satin. Round the hem and up either edge of this sort of apron over-dress an embroidery of silver is introduced, which is repeated in slightly more ornate fashion as a finish to the tiny corsage, together with swathings of grey chiffon and short, draped chiffon sleeves. The coiffure adopted by Miss Matthews with this toilette is also worthy of remark, and comprises a series of wired silver ribbon fillets, passed round and about the back of the head amidst the *poufs* and curls, culminating at the left side in a large cluster of loops and ends, apparently imprisoning the stem of a huge black osprey.

Photo *Reutlinger*

A Princesse Toilet with a Graceful Fichu Corsage

With her first dress, a genuine Josephine reproduction of white tulle over satin, relieved by embroidered wreaths of laurel worked in dull silver and gold, broken by a *fleur-de-lis* of sequins, Mrs. Russ Whytal wears an exquisite Empire coiffure ornament, composed of pearl chains linking together five cameos set in rims of paste.

Another back view of interesting import is afforded in an evening toilette, selected for Miss Latimer, of greyish blue satin shot with green lights. A coarse gold *filet* net embroidered in gold thread and gold beads picked out with amethyst and turquoise *cabochon*, fashions a wide Empire band that, after encircling the figure, terminates in a long, shaped stole down the centre of the back, almost touching the hem of the dress.

From all of which, slight and cursory description though it be, we may take it that the *arrière* aspect is deserving the most serious consideration. Anyway, it is a point we shall do well to try and assimilate during the dull days.

Earliest Spring Indications of Millinery Modes

The bowler-crowned hat, in a tempered and really becoming aspect, is securing a very large share of attention at the hands of all the first-class milliners, who, among themselves, have ordained the elegance of a one-side trimming, the other side being left absolutely free of decoration, the roundness of the crown being thus clearly silhouetted. A series of great wheel rosettes of ribbon is among the accepted adjuncts, also a novel feather pom-pom, an elongated thing, reminiscent of those worn in the Guards' busby, while those more inspiring in their demands are provided with a *panache* of ostrich plumes, each feather of a graduated length.